THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVII No 16 – E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.
Historical Society

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MARCH 13th, 1928.

$1.50 per year in advance

"SALADA" TEA 261

Brown Label Quality, 38c ½-lb. Orange Pekoe Blend, 43c ½-lb.
Blue Label Quality, 43c ½-lb. Red Label Quality, 48c ½-lb.
Gold Label Quality (Finest Procurable), 53c ½-lb.
Four grades sold in Black, Green and Mixed Blends.

Lowest Prices In Canada For Fine Teas

Surveying and Engineering
T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.
Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.
NAPANEE, ONT.
John Street,
South of Paisley House.
Phone 385. Box 139.
15tf

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Roblin.
A number of compaines to choose from.
Office:
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating,
Paper Hanging and Graining.
FRED RUSSELL
'Phone 406. East Street.

DOXSEE & CO.

Millinery

SPRING SHOWING

Weekly Display of
French and American Trimmed Hats

Including copies of these models and exclusive designs from our own work room, commencing

Friday, March 16th

AND FOLLOWING DAYS

LADIES' SCARFS

in Crepe de Chene and Georgette, printed designs, three cornered and squares.

HOSIERY AND SILK LINGERIE A SPECIALTY

The Leading Millinery House

NEW SPRING SUITS and TOP COATS

Tailored to your individual order

$19.75 to $45.00

Made from genuine hand woven Harris Tweeds, fancy imported Worsted Suitings, black, blue and grey Serges.
All the wanted shades included in our assortment for Spring selling.

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of Henry George Bullock, late of the township of Ernesttown, in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 16th day of March, A.D., 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuan to the provisions of section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O., 1927.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Kitchen, late of the Township of Richmond, in he County of Lennox and Addington, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 23rd day of March, A.D., 1928, afer which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O., 1927.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
13-d

FOR SALE—200 fence posts. Apply to C. H. SPENCER. 16a

FOR SALE—O. A. C. Oats, 144, Grade No. 1, 85c. per bus. at barn. Reg. red shorthorn calves, male and female MARK HAWLEY, Napanee. 15-cp

FOR SALE — Desirable frome house, 8 rooms, large garden, furnace, electric light, water, garage, fruit trees and bushes. Apply on premises, Centre street. D. L. GREEN. 13-tf

MONEY—Somebody lost money in the County of Hastings. If owner will advertise loss in this paper or the Deseronto Post, when and where, they may recover the money. 16-dp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

FOR SALE—A very choice and up to date residence, with attractive grounds, in one of the choicest and most convenient locations. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. 13

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

CORDWOOD WANTED—Wanted any quantity of cordwood, slabs or bundled edgings. TRENT VALLEY LUMBER CO., Limited, 95 King St., East, Toronto, Phone Elgin 5754 or Elgin 7972. 13-c

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE OR RENT—Or would exchange for town property. The west half of lot thirteen in the fifth concession of Richmond, containing one hundred acres of good land, about one mile and a half west of Selby. There is a good house, barn and other out buildings thereon. It is well watered and plenty of wood. Schoolhouse on east part of same lot. Rural mail and telephone. Can have immediate possession. Apply to MRS. C. A. KNAPP, R.M.D., Selby, Ont. 16-d

NOTICE OF MEETING

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, Mar. 20th, 1928.

at 2 p. m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, Mar. 21st, in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON,
County Clerk.

Dated March 3rd, 1928.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Sidney Aylesworth, late of the Township of Richmond, in the County of Lennox and Addington, civil engineer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned Solicitor for the estate before the 3rd day of April, 1928, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entiled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of Section 51 of Chapter 150 R.S.O. 1927.

Dated March 5th, 1928.

W. G. WILSON,
Solicitor for Administrators.
15-d

Roll wrapping, cotton twine in cones.

EXPRESS PRINTING OFFICE. 13-c

HOCKEY

SEEN FROM THE SIDELINES.

Belleville sent several young men to Napanee last Monday evening to fill in their last schedulded date in the Bay of Quinte League. It was, of course, a good evening's practice for the local hockey team, but it was hardly to be described as a hockey game. The visitors displayed a weak and erratic forward line and a sieve-like defence, and after Napanee had registered three or four goals in the first period, the visiting goalie seemed to lose heart. For the rest of the game he appeared to take very little interest in proceedings. If a shot happened to hit him and bounce out, all well and good; it was a good save. If it missed him, and went in, well, nobody cared.

Manager Bill McLaughlin used all his substitutes freely. In the second period he even tried out a sub goalie, and it was during this period that Belleville netted three easy goals. However, the substitute, VanLuven, made several nice stops, and will probably develop into a capable performer in a few years.

Some of the Napanee plays looked fine, several of their many goals coming after brilliant combination work or excellent stickhandling had put them in a position where they had the goalie absolutely at their mercy. But it is difficult to get a line on their actual strength by seeing them play a team so obviously weak as Belleville. What they can do when pitted against a stronger outfit is quite another matter.

In he dying moments of the game, the regular net minder, "Wes" Powell, electrified the laughing crowd by pulling off a sensational goal-tender's rush. He started once, and fell at his own blue line, but the next time the puck came near him, he circled his net with it and made directly for the other goal at terrific speed. While most players would have zig-zagged through the opponents, that was too slow a proceedure for Wes. He bore straight down the centre, split the defence, and his shot hit the post. Belleville goalie promptly sat on the rubber, and Powell did his best to push him into the net, but was unfortunately too light for the task. The applause, particularly during the scramble of pads and sticks in the Belleville net, was deafening. It was the one bright moment of the game.

No one seemed to know exactly what the score was, but the general opinion was something like 17 or 18 to 5. We hear that Mayor Roy, who had the heavy task of Goal Referee at the east end, was completely exhausted at th close of the game from having to wave his handkerchief so often.

TRENTON RETAINS THE CANN TROPHY.

Napanee Eliminated in League Play-offs, 8-3.

Napanee saw another chance for a championship go flying when the rugged Trenton puck chasers defeated them in both of the play-off games last week. It was a tough series to lose, but there can' be no argument but that Trenton richly deserved its success. They were an all round better team, but not to the extent of 8-3.

The largest crowd of the season packed the Arena on Wednesday night to witness the commencement of the play-offs for the championship of the Bay of Quinte Hockey League. Hundreds turned out for this game who had not been seen in the rink all winter, more than five hundred persons paying admission.

The game commenced sharp at 8.30, a welcome change for the faithful fans who have sometimes had to wait an hour in the rink before the commencement of hostilities. The ice looked fine, but the mild weather of the day had made it sticky, and slow ice was not at all suited to the light Napanee team. At the commencement of the play they looked the best, and outskated and outplayed their heavier opponents. The rubber was held in Trenton territory for the great majority of the first period, and Bowen, the visiting goalie, was given plenty of opportunities to show his class. No goals were registered until after fourteen minutes of speedy play. Gleeson carried the puck all the way down and passed to Johnston. "Twinnie's" shot was cleared, but Gleeson was right in for the rebound, and first blood went to Napanee.

In the closing moments of the period Johnston, of Trenton, was penalized, and the second stanza opened with the visitors still one man short. The locals took immediate advantage of this opportunity, and a fine effort by Bentley and Naphin gave the latter a chance for a fine drive from close in which Bowen had no chance to save. The missing player had hardly returned, however, before he registered the first counter for Trenton. That was all the scoring of the period, but it was noticeable that the locals were slowing up. The terrific speed of the first period had used them up, and try as they might, they were unable to successfully penetrate the Trenton defence again. Bowen had plenty of shots to handle, but most of them were from the neighborhood of the blue line, and he is not the sort of goal keeper to be beaten on long shots.

The third period saw Napanee noticeably slowing up. Trenton, on the contrary, were going faster than ever, and when H. Johnston was given a penalty, Shoniker, of Trenton was able to net the puck after five minutes play. Four minutes later Chensel and Johnston penetrated the Napanee defence again. The former shot, and "Wes" Powell was forced to jump to clear. With the goalie sprawled in front of the net, Johnston had only to retrieve the rubber from behind and push it in. Immediately the visitors had obtained a lead, they confined themselves to a strictly defensive game, trusting to their ability to hold, and possibly increase, their lead on their home game. They ragged the puck continually, much to the disgust of the booing fans, until the referee called them to the centre and warned them that a continuance of these tactics would be severely penalized. They then discontinued shooting the puck down the ice, but the damage was done, and the tired Napanee players did not again seriously threaten.

It was the old story of the good little man and the good big man. When a forward of one hundred and fifty pounds is body checked a few times by a defence man of two hundred, he will soon slow up and Trenton proved adept in handing out these body checks. Not that their game was at all a foul one; for these bumps are considered fair by the rules, and, in fact, Napanee had six penalties to Trenton's two. Trenton was

(Continued on page 4.)

McGreer's Phone 226

Cash and Service Grocery

Dundas St. Napanee

Watch our Weekly Specials

From March 16th to 22nd, we are giving away **FREE**, with every order of $2.00 or more, 1 lb. of McGreer's Rose Brand Baking Powder.

We aim to satisfy.

W. ROY McGREER

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Separate sealed Tenders addressed to the County Clerk, County Lennox and Addington, W. G. Wilson, Napanee, will be received by registered post only up to 12 o'clock noon on Thursday, March 15th, 1928, for the construction of the following work, viz.:

PAVEMENTS.

Amiesite or Mixed Macadam.

1. County Road No. 2, from limits of Town of Napanee, northerly ¾ miles.
2. Road No. 4 from Mink's Bridge to the Village of Newburgh, 4 miles.
3. Road No. 8, from Little Creek Cheese Factory southerly, 4 miles.

Grading.

4. Road No. 7, from Provincial Highway No. 2, southerly to the Village of Bath, 5 miles.
5. Road No. 8, lots 14 to 20, Township of South Fredericksburgh, 2 miles.

Base Course Macadam.

6. Road No. 7, from Provincial Highway No. 2, southerly to the Village of Bath, 5 miles.

Two Course Water Bound Macadam.

7. Road No. 4, from hamlet of Centreville northerly to Bass Wood Hill, 1 mile

Surface Treatment.

8. Road No. 2 from hamlet of Selby northerly 2¾ miles.
   Road No. 6, from hamlet of Odessa, north 2 miles.
   Road No. 7, from Floating Bay Bridge east to Township of Kingston boundary, 3½ miles.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the undersigned County Road Superintendent, at the Court House, Napanee.

Marked cheques for 5% of amount of tender payable to the Corporation of the County of Lennox and Addington must be attached to each Tender.

All such cheques will be returned to the unsuccessful bidders after awarding of contracts and the cheques of successful bidders will be returned to them upon said bidders each furnishing the County with a Guarantee Company Contract Bond for 50% of the amount of the accepted Tender to secure completion of the work according to contract. Upon completion of each pavement contract (items 1, 2, 3 above marked) and before final payment, Guarantee Company Bond from each contractor will be required guaranteeing the road to be maintained in a condition as constructed for the period of 5 years from completion, such latter bonds to be for 40% of amount of each contract price.

Further information as to these bonds can be obtained from the County Road Superintendent.

The proposed contracts with the successful bidders must be approved by Department of Public Highways of Ontario before execution thereof by the County.

The lowest or any Tender will not necessarily be accepted.

Dated February 16th, 1928.

T. V. ANDERSON,
County Road Superintendent,
Napanee.

A. C. MILLER,
Chairman County Road Committee.
Bath P.O., R. R. 2.

CAMDEN EAST.

The many friends of Mr. A. P. Scott are glad to learn that he is home from the hospital and progressing favorably.

Mrs. Alvin Perry and daughter, Bessie, of Brighton, arrived on Wednesday to visit with relatives here for a limited time.

George Babcock is able to be at his home here again.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid was held on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Hyland, Bicknell's Corners. After a very profitable meeting the hostess served delicious refreshments.

Mrs. A. Alkenbrack spent several days in Ottawa recently.

Mrs. James Skinner has returned home from a visit to Toronto.

Miss Jessie Hitchins spent last week-end at her home on Amherst Island.

Miss Marion Hawley, of Kingston, spent the week-end with her mother and brother.

Lantern views are being shown in the parish hall every Thursday evening during Lent and are very profitable to all.

R. W. Longmore received the sad news of the sudden death of his sister, Mrs. Dunwoody, at Deseronto, on Frida vlast.

Mr. John Barry has returned home, after having spent two months back north in a lumber camp.

DESERONTO ROAD

Mr. Cowle, manager of the Farmer's Dairy, who resides on this road, having purchased the M. C. Bogart farm near Napanee, we are sorry to say has been confined to his home for a few days, but is around again.

Friday last was one of the worst storms we have had this winter, and a lot of snow fell and the country roads running north and south were pretty well filled. The snow plough has been busy and kept the highway cleared, thus avoiding any delay in traffic for trucks or motor busses.

What might have been a very serious accident occurred one day last week when Mr. Escott Rose's team ran away. Mr. Rose was returning home from Deseronto, where he had been with a load of saw logs on the wagon, and was nearly home. When opposite Mr. VanVlack's a bolt dropped out of the whiffletree and the horses became frightened, the tongue being down, and all hope of holding them on the ice was gone. They soon reached the ditch, landing in the wire fence. Fortunately Mr. Rose escaped unhurt, with slight damage to the wagon and harness.

Mr. Claud Alkenbrack is busily engaged with his outfit, sawing wood for the neighbors.

Mrs. Montonna, accompanied by her son from Cape Vincent, N. Y., spent a few days last week, visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Frank VanVlack.

The ice in the Napanee River is still quite good and the people are improving it in traffic, as well as pleasure.

MARLBANK.

A very sad death occurred in Marlbank on Saturday, Feb. 25th, in the person of Thomas Murphy, a highly respected citizen. Deceased took ill with a cold, which developed into pneumonia, followed by jaundice, which resulted in his death. "Tom," as he was known to his many friends, was a favorite both with old and young and an excellent neighbor, and will be greatly missed by his many friends.

The sympathy of the entire community is extended to his bereaved sister, Winnie, with whom he had resided for the past twenty years, since the death of their mother. The deceased was sixty-two years of age and is survived by one brother, Michael Murphy, of Michigan, and four sisters, Mrs. Patrick Hunt, of Erinsville, Mrs. K. O'Neill and Mrs. M. Meagher, both of Toronto, and Winnie, of Marlbank. The funeral was held in Erinsville R. C. church and was largely attended, after which the remains were placed in the vault to await burial in the spring.

There is a great deal of snow at time of writing. The farmers are busy drawing logs, pulp and heading to the mills here.

Mrs. Wm. Keilly and son, Tom, of Chapman, were visitors with her brother, Stanley, on Tuesday.

Mr. Bert Asselstine was taken to Kingston General Hospital on Monday last for an operation for appendicitis. Dr. Burrows accompanied him. He is reported as doing nicely.

A very successful quilting and dinner was held in March 1st at the home of Mrs. R. H. York, the president of the Ladies' Aid, of Marlbank.

Fred Knoll is spending a few days in Toronto.

Miss Eva Kennedy, junior school teacher, spent last week-end in Toronto. She was accompanied by her mother.

Peter Windover and Mrs. Card are somewhat improved at the time of writing.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

COMING :-: EVENTS

HEAR A. E. GREENLAW, colored basso, in Grace United Church, Tuesday evening, Mar. 20th.

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

RICHMOND MINUTES

Selby, Feb. 9th, 1928.

Richmond Counci met at Selby on Feb. 9th, 1928.

Members present were: A. C. Tummon, Reeve, and Councillors S. J. Mowers, A. H. Oliver, and H. S. Windover.

Moved by H. S. Windover, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that whereas the Minister of Highways has requested that the Township Road Superintendent attend the Road Supt. Conference to be held in Toronto Feb. 20th and 21st, the Highway Department paying over half of the expenses of same, therefore be it resolved that John E. Hudgins, Township Road Supt., is hereby requested to attend. Carried.

Moved by S. J. Mowers, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that whereas a certain petition has been presented to the Council of Township of Richmond, re establishment of a Municipal Telephone system in Richmond, the Council now in session assembled, feel that this question should be laid over until March 5th meeting at 2 p.m., when the interested parties are requested to appear before Council in order to thoroughly go into this petition. Carried.

Council adjourned to meet Mar. 5th, 1928.

March 5th, 1928.

March meeting of Council of Township of Richmond was held in Selby on the 5th of the month.

The members were all present, the Reeve presiding.

The minutes of January and February meetings were read and adopted.

Moved by S. J. Mowers, seconded by H. S. Windover, that payments according to payment voucher, road account, dated Mar. 5th, 1928, be paid. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that a By-Law be introduced to engage a man to furnish power to operate the road machinery for 1928. Carried.

Moved by H. S. Windover, seconded bv M. H. Sexsmith that By-law No. 762, appointing Arthur Kimmett to furnish power for Township for 1928, at $1.00 per hour, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by H. S. Windover, that the Clerk be authorized to procure the revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, for use of Council. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that a By-law be introduced providing for expenditure on roads and bridges for year 1928. Carried.

Moved by H. S. Windover, seconded by M. H. Sexsmith, that By-law No .763, providing for expenditure of $9000.00 on roads in 1928, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that the Auditors' Report be accepted and that they receive $15.00 each for their services. Carried.

Moved by M. H. Sexsmith, seconded by H. S. Windover, that whereas a certain petition re establishing of Rural Municipal Telephone in Richmond referred to this Council to be dealt with, according to resolution of Council, Feb. 9th, 1928, to-day at 2 p.m., the petitioners being unrepresented here to-day, the Clerk is hereby authorized to return to the petitioners their petiion, also copy of letter received by this Council from the Ontario Railway and Municipal Board. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by M. H. Sexsmith, that the following accounts be paid: Municipal World, 6 copies, $6.00; Municipal World supplies $16.88; Excise stamps and postage, $3.08.

Council adjourned to meet April 2nd, 1928.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

SILLSVILLE.

The peope who reside on the Bay of Quinte east of Conway were very much surprised on Sunday last to find the ice from the Gap to the Conway shore had moved, leaving open water. Over fifty loads of sand had been drawn over this ice on Saturday, and the road that they had travelled had disappeared.

Owing to the central office being burned a short time ago, the telephone men have been busily at work repairing the line and installing a new switchboadd. Mr. Harold Hough has had a telephone installed.

We are glad to hear Mrs. (Rev.) Plant is improving in health, and able to be out once more.

Mr and Mrs. John Charters, who have been visiting his mother and brother, Mrs. William and Mr. Bertram Charters, have returned to their home in Lloydminster, Alberta.

The young people are very busy practicing for their play, "The Laughing Cure," which will be presented in the hall this month.

Mr. William Brooks is busy delivering wire, which he has sold in large quantities.

Stewart Ruttan is taking possession of the farm of the late Mrs. Dunbar.

Mr. W.B. Hough is visiting friends in Napanee and Gretna.

The friends and neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Morley Creighton presented them with an Aladdin lamp and a pair of handsome candlesticks as a token of appreciation of their many kindnesses, and enjoyed a social time with them.

Try a Classified Adv. in The Napanee Express if you want results.

THE THREE C BIBLE CLASS BANQUET

A very pleasant and profitable evening was spent on Mar. 6th, when the members of the Three C Bible Class, assisted by the Beacon Lights, gave a banquet in the Sunday school room of Selby United church.

About eight o'clock, nearly seventy sat down to well-filled tables, and partook of oysters and other good things provided. When all were fully satisfied, we we were called to order and the program commenced. Mr. Stanley Sexsmith made a very efficient chairman and toastmaster. The toasts were proposed and responded to as follows: "The King" by Mr. Bert Martin; "The Church" by Mrs. Arthur McLeod and Rev. Jas. Batstone; "The Sunday School" by Mr. Vernie Boothe and Mr. Chas. Anderson, superintendent; "The Warden," by Mr. Donald Fitzpatrick and Dr. Tummon; and "The Beacon Lights" by Mr. Arthur McKnight and Mrs. Dudgeon, teacher of that class. The last toast was given by Mr. Arthur McLeod and took the form of an address to Mrs. Batston, teacher of the Three C Bible Class, at the close of which she was presented with a three-piece living-room suite of rattan. Although taken by surprise, Mrs. Batstone made a very suitable reply, thanking her class for their generous gift, telling them how much she had enjoyed the discussion of the lessons with them, and inviting each to visit her in her new home. The Program continued, with a reading by Mrs. Chas. Vanalstine, vocal solo by Mr. Ernest Tack, and piano solo by Mrs. Tummon, after which Rev. H. Pawson gave an address on "Building," which was greatly appreciated by his audience. A duet followed, by Mrs. Vernie Boothe and Mrs. Luman McCutcheon, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by Rev. Jas. Batstone.

Following is the address:

Dear Mrs. Batstone:

Our banquet this evening has been arranged in honor of our teacher, Mrs. Batstone, and we, as members of your class feel that this is an appropriate opportunity of expressing to you our appreciation of your teaching for the past three years. We realize it has required much study, and meant sacrifice on your part, to be as faithful as you have been to the class, along with all your other church work and home duties.

Your life, not only in the class, but at all times, has clearly exemplified our class motto, "Others." I think, even to those of us who are familiar with these verses, they will bear repeating.

OTHERS.

Lord, help me live from day to day,
In such a self-forgetful way.
That even when I kneel to pray,
My prayer shall be for others.

Help me in all the work I do.
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I've done for you,
Must needs be done for others.

Let self be crucified and slain,
And buried deep, and all in vain,
May efforts be to rise again
Unless to live for others.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of others.

Others, Lord, yes others,
Let this my motto be,
Help me to live for others,
That I may live for Thee

The sad part of our evening's gathering is that it brings to our minds, the fact that the time is fast approaching when you feel tha you must leave us.

We ask you to accept these chairs and settee, not for their intrinsic value, but as a token of the esteem in which you are held by your class. Our very best wishes go with you and Mr. Batstone to your new home, and may you long be spared to help others, as you have helped us.

Signed on behalf of the class,
VERNIE BOOTHE, Pres.

ROBLIN.

The play given by the Community Players of Napanee was greatly enjoyed by everyone sent, and a nice sum was realized for the repairs to the Orange Hall.

Several attended the funeral of Mr Peter Dafoe, of Napanee. Mr. Dafoe was a former resident of Roblin and was well-known and highly respected here.

The sleighing party for the Mission Circle drew a large crowd of young people on Friday evening last and all report a good time.

Mrs. H. R. Paul has returned from Kingston General Hospital, where she received medical treatment.

We are glad to report Bert Asselstine improving from a serious operation in Kingston General Hospital.

Mrs. Alex Telford and Mrs. Volney Woods spent a day recently in Belleville.

Mr. Wm. Haines has purchased the garage businesss from Mr. Thos. Richmond and intends to open up business here.

Miss Jean Paul, of Toronto Normal School, spent a few days at home, and also with her mother in Kingston General Hospital over the week-end.

Mr Archie Morgan was taken to Kingston General Hospital on Thursday for an immediate operation for appendicitis.

Mr. Wm. Hinch spent last week end at Mr. Ed. Hart's.

FARM FINANCING



THROUGHOUT Canada the Bank of Montreal is daily loaning funds to responsible farmers to assist them in their business.

This Bank is at all times prepared to advance loans on terms consistent with sound banking.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

Total Assets in excess of $830,000,000

Napanee Branch: D. A. B. WHITE, Manager.

Yarker Branch: W. A. REID, Manager.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

JESUS TEACHES SINCERITY.

Sunday, March 18—Mark 7 : 1-23.

Golden Text—Keep thy heart with all diligence ; for out of it are the issues of life (Prov. 4:23)

Our Lord was teaching something much more important than sincerity in this lesson. Mere sincerity can be quite useless. It is not enough to ask whether a man is sincere—though many people seem to think this is the final test. A man may be sincere and go down into destruction. A blind man may walk to the edge of a precipice while supposing he is on a safe path. In his next step he plants his foot—on empty space, and is hurled to his death. He sincerely thought he was planting his foot on solid ground, but his sincerity did not save him.

So of many others, including religious teachers. They may be quite sincere in their teachings, but they may be moving steadily toward their death ; they be "the blind leading the blind" with destruction to both. Along with sincerity we must ask this question : Are the convictions of this sincere person based on truth or on falsehood? Do they rest on the sure foundation of the Word of God, or on the theories and mistaken beliefs of men ?

So it was not sincerity that the Lord was primarily teaching in this lesson, but the vital, life-and-death importance of men's knowing and living in accordance with the Word of God.

The lesson centres about a criticism that the Pharisees made of the disciples of Christ. They saw some of these disciples eating food without having first washed their hands. They found fault with this. They came directly to the Lord and asked Him : "Why walk not Thy disciples according to the tradition of the elders, but eat bread with unwashen hands ?"

Now the Pharisees undoubtedly believed in all sincerity that it was a religious duty to wash the hands before eating. Mark explains that not only was this so, requiring frequent washing of the hands, but their traditions required many other things, such as "the washing of cups, and pots, brazen vessels, and of tables."

Who were the Pharisees? They were a sect of the Jews who had taken a obligation to remain true to the principles of Pharisaism. "They were correct, moral, zealous, and self-denying, but self-righteous, and destitute of the sense of sin and need (Luke 18 : 9 ; 7:39.) They were the foremost persecutors of Jesus Christ, and the objects of his unsparing denunciation." Saul, before he was saved and his name changed to Paul, was "an Hebrew of Hebrews ; as touching the law, a Pharisee ; concerning zeal, persecuting the Church ; touching the righteousness that is in the law, blameless." (Phil. 3 : 5, 6.) Paul was a typical Pharisee, and he was sincere in his tragic mistakes.

The Lord denounces with unsparing severity the attitude and the criticism of the Pharisees who came to Him. He declares that they as hypocrites are fulfilling the prophecy of Isaiah, when he wrote, "This people honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." (Isa. 29: 13.) That is, they professed to be worshipping God, but they had substituted for God's commandments the commandments of men. "In vain do they worship Me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men"

There is nothing in the law of God, as given in the Old Testament by Moses and other inspired men, which requires the washing of hands before eating. This was a "tradition," something "handed down" from one another ; it originated with men, not with God.

Pharisaism was full of such empty traditions, the keeping of which had taken the place of obedience to God's commandments. Not only that, some of these traditions meant breaking His commandments. God said, "Honor thy father and thy mother" (Exod. 20 : 12.) Our Lord, in this lesson, showed how a tradition of the Pharisees enabled them, under disguise of a religious duty, to dishonor their father and their mother, "making the work of God of none effect through your tradition."

The hearts of these men were not right with God They may have been sincere in keeping their man-made traditions. But they were disobeying God, which is sin.

Our Lord summed up the whole matter in the teaching : "There is nothing from without a man that entering into him can defile him : but the things which come out of him, those are they which defile the man."

His own disciples could not understand. So He explained. Things from without, like dirt on the hands, or even food taken into the body, cannot in themselves defile a man's moral life. But the things that are within a man's heart, and that come out from him in expression of his heart-life, if they are sinful defile him. Then our Lord named thirteen such evil things ; "evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness."

No amount of strict religious observance, even if carried out in full sincerity, can please God while the heart is a fountain of evil streams. Later the Lord taught how man's sinful heart could be cleansed—through His shed blood.

A small "Want Adv." in the columns of The Napanee Express will bring results.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. 44tf

Here and There

(26)

Forty-five years of faithful service to the Canadian Pacific Railway were honored recently when George A. Fowler, former lumber agent of the company, was presented by George Stephen, freight traffic manager, with a purse of gold, contributed by Mr. Fowler's colleagues in the railway's freight traffic offices east of Chicago in the United States and east of Fort William in Canada.

Fergus.—A special train of 85 cars left for Vancouver and points en route the other day with over 11,000 consignments of pure-bred stock and farm equipment. This trainload, the largest of its kind ever to originate in Canada, is from Fergus films and was handled by the Canadian Pacific Railway as a special train, stopping at Fort William, Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton and other centres. Nearly all the consignments were for rural communities.

Immigrants are beginning to pour through the port of Saint John and Montreal en route to Ontario and the West. With the arrival of Canadian Pacific liners Montclare and Montnairn recently, in the neighborhood of 600 settlers of the best type have been distributed. Among these were British farm laborers going to selected farms under the terms of the Canada Colonization Association, and many more will be coming in during the next few months.

Toronto.—In accordance with his promise to Western Ontario tobacco growers, Hon. W. H. Motherwell has appointed a commission to investigate all phases of the tobacco-growing industry, five whiteof the commissioners have already been named. The probe will extend to every phase of the industry, from seeding to marketing, and one of the most important features will be the effort to ascertain the best method of operating a proposed co-operative marketing pool.

Port Arthur.—Eventually Canada will produce a 1,000,000,000 bushel crop of wheat and will have no difficulty in finding a market for it, predicted Hon. T. A. Crerar, President and General Manager of the United Grain Growers Limited, and formerly Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion. Referring to the development of Western Canada, Mr. Crerar said there was no country in the world where so great a development had taken place in the past few years and there was no country having such great possibilities.

In order to meet the increasing popularity of the Canadian Rockies among tourists, and also to aid in developing trans-continental travel, the Canadian Pacific Railway will run a quintette of trains across the Dominion from Montreal, Toronto and Chicago to the Rockies, Vancouver and Victoria this coming summer. These trains will be "The Trans-Canada Limited", "The Imperial", the Toronto-Vancouver Express, and "The Mountaineer" and "Soo-Pacific Express" from Chicago. The Trans-Canada and the Mountaineer will be all-sleeping-car trains.

Vancouver.—"Maizie," the famous white Leghorn hen owned by the University of British Columbia farm, officially known as Hen No. 6, the world's champion layer with 351 eggs in a year, is proving a substantial revenue producer for the University of British Columbia. Last year the sale of pedigreed poultry stock from Maizie returned to the University $2,225. Two of her cockerel fetched $500 each when sold to Ohio poultry raisers, while another cockerel sold in New Jersey for $300. The University receipts for sale of pedigreed British Columbia stock totalled $7,225 for the year.

SLEEP SENSE.

Not One Person In 10,000 Knows How to Sleep.

Ridiculous? Not a bit of it. How many people complain that they wake up "tired" in the morning And no wonder. When they retire for the night, under their heads there is a bolster and one, two, or even three pillows. That is hopelessly wrong, because it elevates the head. The right way to sleep is with the feet elevated!

What is called "the balance circulation of the blood" is most important. The balance cannot possibly be obtained if the head is elevated, and that is why, for many, nature's sweet restorer doesn't restore.

Your head should rest on a level surface, and what should be supported is the neck. The untutored savage who lays his neck on a piece of hollowed-out wood has lighted on the right method.

The best mattress for perfect sleep is a horsehair one, as it gives the necessary support to the limbs and yet has a certain "springiness."

Sleep on the right side—the natural position for the body on a plane. The feet should be warm and the head cold. Make it a rule that when you wake naturally in the morning more should be had for "second sleep." It only does harm.

C.P.R.'s Colonization Plan.

The Canadian Pacific Railway announces a new colonization plan—one of the most attractive yet to be offered to the newcomer. It enables him, after one season's farming experience in this country, to possess and occupy Canadian Pacific land in the developed districts of the Prairie Provinces for four years with no expenditure for land or provincial taxes. The one condition is that the land be properly and productively worked. Following the four-year period the farm can be paid for by easy instalments. This offer is made through the company's department of colonization and development, to new settlers brought to Canada by the C.P.R., and placed by it in farm employment.

A Large Housing Scheme.

Described as the largest municipal housing scheme in the world, the London County Council's estate at Becontree will, when fully developed, contain about 26,000 houses and accommodate a population as large as that of Brighton.



The happy merchant

Never before in the history of the world has it been possible for a merchant in good credit to do so much business with so little capital locked up in stock.

One important reason for the present prosperity is, that instead of having to buy a big stock at the beginning of each season, he is now able to buy small stocks and replenish them promptly by Long Distance.

Keep your customers for miles around coming to you for whatever they need. Invent ways of inducing them to visit your store, or to order from you by Long Distance and — they tell us —you will not be seriously bothered by competition.

Long Distance is making happy merchants in some towns. Don't overlook its great possibilities.

717

THE RASPBERRY PLANTATION

(Experimental Farms Note.)

Given proper attention, the raspberry plantation will continue to produce profitable crops for many years. A well drained loam is the most suitable soil, and a heavy soil with poor drainage should be avoided. Many plantations are ruined by couch or other grasses becoming established during the first year or two, and during this period most careful cultivation and hoeing is necessary to prevent the development of grass or weeds. After the plantation is well established it can be kept free from such weeds with little difficulty.

The ground should be well manured and the manure ploughed in before planting. Commercial fertilizers may be depended upon for maintaining the fertility after the plantation is established. An annual spring application of 500 to 800 pounds per acre of a 4-8-6 fertilizer (4% nitrogen, 8% phosphoric acid, and 6% potash) will maintain the fertility.

Cultivation during the early part of the first season may be deep and thorough, but as the season advances and the roots push out into the soil, shallow cultivation is necessary. As the plants extend in growth from year to year and the roots occupy the space between the rows the cultivation should be shallow, just sufficient to keep down weed and sucker growth and provide a mellow surface.

The plants are set out in early spring, as soon as the soil can be prepared, in rows 6 feet apart and 1½ to 2 feet apart in the rows, or they may be grown in clumps spaced 5 feet by 5 feet apart, permitting of cultivation both ways The first plan, known as the hedge-row system, permits of a continuous row, confining it to a width of from 12 to 14 inches, which is left undisturbed by the cultivator, all growth pushing up in the area between the rows being kept down.

After fruiting, the old canes and many of the weak ones are removed, the aim being to have one good cane to each 6 inches of space. The thinning out at once after fruiting is necessary to avoid crowding and to permit of the best development of the canes that are to give the fruit the following year.

The Herbert is a hardy and desirable variety, also Newman.

MEN LAY ON RAILS.

Novel Method In India to Force Railway to Provide More Coaches.

A strange scene took place at Egmore station recently when a large party of delegates who were returning home after attending the recent native Congress session, found that there were insufficient accommodations in the train and that two whole compartments were reserved for soldiers entraining at St. Thomas' Mount, some stations later on.

The Congress delegates forced themselves in the carriages and would not get out. So the railway authorities simply detached the reserved carriages. The passengers retaliated by lying across the lines, preventing the passage of the train. A deadlock continued for more than two hours, the passengers all the time on the railway lines during the period.

At the end of two hours the railway authorities yielded to the demand of the passengers, permitted them to occupy the reserved compartments, added more carriages, necessary for the troops entraining at St. Thomas' Mount, and then the train steamed off amid rousing cheers from the Congress delegates.

Survey of Pulpwood Stands.

The Department of the Interior is to carry out a survey of pulpwood stands in Manitoba this year, according to Hon. Charles Stewart. The work will involve cruises of the Nelson and Saskatchewan river berths as well as Lake Winnipegosis.

CANADA'S PULP WOOD

Hamilton, Ont.,
Feb. 28th, 1928.

TO THE EDITOR :

Dear Sir :—At our present rate of forest products consumption of one million acres per year, which is annually increasing rapidly, how long will our forests last ? Some estimate 10 years, some 20 years, and some 30 years.

Departmental reports show reforestry progressing at a fair pace, but the earliest prediction of any actual pulp wood results is 25 years, and the average prediction is about 50 years before a new cut could be re-sold to advantage, and then not nearly so valuable as our present original fully matured growth.

Reports of recent pulp wood sales show in one township a small quantity sold at $1.00 per cord; in another a larger quantity at $2.00, and in still another a very large quantity at $3.00 and a few cens per cord.

The general cost prediction of reforestry is $25.00 per cord, and many predict the cost will be nearer $40.00, but whether the estimated time for growth and cost is really right or wrong—Why sell fully matured pulp wood at say $3.00 per cord, when it costs $25.00 to reproduce an inferior quality ? I believe it is well worth this price right now and especially for export.

If we are going to continue permitting raw pulp wood to be exported, why not charge $25.00 per cord on the stump right now? (at least as much as reforestry will cost), then instead of the settlers cutting, hauling, piling a the rail or water shipping points at $7.00 per cord, they will get $25.00 per cord, plus the cost of cutting, hauling, etc.

This would encourage settlers in our timber areas, because they would not cut their homesteads clean for a number of years, which might help our immigration policy for an abundance of employment is the only thing that really attracts immigration.

I note the greater part of the proposed Arboretum on University Avenue and extensions, are to be designed entirely for beauty, hoping ultimately to produce the most beautiful spot on earth.

Why no turn to the practical side, and employ a greater part of the Arboretum with practical and experimental reforestry, which would be ever so much more interesting to observers, and which is as beautiful as though it were entirely ornamental. Such a spot of practical reforestry in the centre of our Provincial Capital would be viewed by millions of people, as compared with a few hundreds or thousands that might be sufficiently interested to go to the rather remote Government experimental plots of Ilotry.

Why not make our frills practical, useful, and profitable, as well as ornamental, and thereby get a sufficiently practical return for our larger investments, with the beauty side thrown in.

To illustrate :—The Brampton rose garden is a practical and profitable commercial concern is far more beautiful and interesting than any exclusive display spot. So that public ownership only requires the practical side put into it, to make it the greater success.

Let us try more practical and profitable side of the question on our proposed new Arboretum on University Avenue.

In fact most of our present Public beauty spots could be easil converted to the practical and profitable side.

W. O. SEALEY.

WHAT FARMERS THINK OF LEGUME INOCULATION

(Experimental Farms Note.)

That the practice of inoculating legumes is a beneficial one under certain conditions, and a recognized aid to good farming methods, has been repeatedly demonstrated in the laboratory and under controlled field conditions at various Experimental Stations and elsewhere in Canada. With our widely varying climatic and soil conditions, however, the degree to which inoculation will and should be practised will depend in no small measure upon the results which farmers themselves obtain, and their consequent opinion of the practice. Moreover, practical information on such points, for instance, as the necessity for red clover inoculation on a practical scale through the co-operation of farmers reporting the results of inoculation with cultures furnished to them and a brief mention of the results may not be without interest. Up to the present, 1,043 reports have been summarized, and of these 825, or 79.1 per cent. have indicated a benefit due to inoculation. In 787 cases where the legume was grown for the first time, 650 reports (82.6 per cent.) were favorable. Alfalfa had the highest percentage of total favorable reports with 82 per cent., while field peas showed the lowest with 65 per cent. It is of interest that a fairly high percentage of reports favoured inoculation in the case of sweet clover and of red clover, 74 per cent in each instance. While the actual percentage of cases benefiting would probably have been lower had all reports been returned, yet there is sufficient reason to believe, from a perusal of those submitted, that inoculation, not only for alfalfa (the most outstanding case of success) but also for our common clovers, is a useful practice in many parts of Canada.

Of 248 cases where non-success was reported, 102 reports showed that both treated and untreated crops grew equally well, indicating that the soil was already supplied with the proper bacteria and that the culture was superfluous. Drought and other adverse conditions were responsible for failure in many cases. It should be kept in mind that inoculation is but one factor in legume production, having as its sole object the addition of bacteria to the soil which will help the plant to make the most of an otherwise good environmen.

Lots of these succor lists seem to be spelled wrong.

The business of getting something for nothing doesn't last long anywhere.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.

EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

Dr. S. R. McCready, B.Sc.
Physician and Surgeon.
X-Ray a Specialty
170A Front St. Belleville
Opposite City Hall
Phone 1200

H. W. SMITH
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College. B. V. Sc., of Toronto University.
OFFICE—Centre Street.
PHONE 81

ROYAL HOTEL BARBER SHOP
HARRY SCOTT, Proprietor.
Everything Neat and Sanitary
Best of Service Guaranteed.
HAIR CUT 35c.—Give us a Trial.

J. B. WILLOUGHBY, M.D., C.M.
Corner Dundas and Robinson Streets.
Office Hours :—2 p.m. to 5 p.m., p.m. to 8 p.m.
'Phone 307. 32-tf

Glaring Head-Lights

Have installed equipment to test your HEAD-LIGHTS, and issue a certificate that the traffic officer will recognize.

Graham Hay Forks and Repairs.

J. M. Graham, Napanee
DUNDAS ST. EAST
'Phone 218. P. O. Box 567.

The Napanee Express

Will bring to your home each week the news of the district.

Subscribe Now and receive the Express for one year for . . **$1.50**

SEND THE EXPRESS to your out-of-town friends as a present. They will appreciate your thoughtfulness. Send us your order now and we will forward a special receipt with your compliments.

Our Commercial Printing Department

is fully equipped to handle every class of Printing, and fully guarantee all our work.

We also Handle Counter Check Books

Any size or shape, at much lower prices than you have been in the habit of paying.

Wrapping Paper

At the same price as quoted by the paper house representatives, and you save the freight. We stock 12, 15, 18, 20 and 24 in. rolls, both in light Kraft and Butcher's Fibre.

We can supply any Special Paper in a few days after receiving the order.

The Express Printing House, Napanee.



CAMEO KIRBY



BY BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY LEON WILSON
NOVELIZED FROM THE PLAY BY W. B. M. FERGUSON

Aaron Randall, grave and collected, next entered and methodically placed upon an adjacent chair the green portmanteau belonging to the late lamented Colonel Moreau.

Kirby quietly awaited young Randall's onslaught and, as the maddened boy threw himself upon him, pinioned his arms and, despite all opposition, forced him backward into a chair.

"Let me go! Get out of the way, you people!" screamed Tom, like an infuriated child, as Adele and Aaron laid restraining hands upon him.

"We've run you to earth, Mr. Wolf," he added, glaring at Kirby, while he strove to release himself, almost sobbing with impotent fury.

"Wolf, am I?" echoed Kirby, stepping back. "Then I'll show you some fangs."

"Tom! Tom!" implored Adele. "What's the matter? Why do you act this way? You don't know what you're doing."

"Don't I?" he snarled, writhing from her grasp and again confronting Kirby. "It's you who are the fool. There's the man we want for the murder of Colonel Moreau!"

She started back aghast, staring from her brother to Kirby and back again in helpless, doubting astonish-



"WE'VE RUN YOU TO EARTH, MR. WOLF."

ment, while Judge Pleydell coughed dryly and his daughter sheltered herself behind the ample bulwarks of Mme. Davezac, who, now that the source of her fears had been identified, had regained her serene composure and was staring curiously at Kirby.

"It was Colonel Moreau he killed?" whispered Adele in a strangely quiet and emotionless voice.

"Shot down like a dog. Moreau was unarmed," growled young Randall, with brutal brevity.

"Indeed!" murmured Kirby, evincing sudden interest. "How do you know?"

"Because no weapon was found with the body."

"Who told you that?"

"Nobody."

"Then how do you know?"

"I found Moreau's body, and I am the chief witness against you," snapped the boy, spitting out the words with distilled venom.

Aaron Randall's expression changed, and with sudden agitation he grasped M. Veaudry's arm. To both men some idea of the boy's despicable action had occurred.

Kirby waited coolly, surveying his accuser, while he carefully chose his next words. "So you are the man I had to find," he said measuredly, with a sardonic, contemptuous smile. "Did you throw that pistol away, or did you keep it?"

"That's your defense, is it?" cried Tom, laughing wildly. "I'll show you how much water that'll hold. You want to accuse me of taking it—accuse me of taking that poor dead man's pistol? You'll find that accusation is going to fasten the rope just a little tighter around your neck. Moreau left his pistol in that portmanteau this morning while at my aunt's house, and if I speak the truth it's there yet."

He pointed dramatically to the green leather article his cousin still guarded, and, Aaron making no move to open it, but remaining preoccupied and silent, Judge Pleydell stepped briskly forward and performed the service, holding significantly aloft the Derringer which had almost ended Kirby's life.

"Ha! That looks as if I took it, doesn't it?" cried Tom, turning in savage triumph upon his fancied enemy. "The only pistol I carried in my life was my father's. There it is," producing from his pocket the silver mounted single shot weapon. "You ought to know that pistol," he finished menacingly. "If you don't, these people here know it."

"You seem to have made your case," admitted Kirby, with cool brevity and indifference. "I believe I'd prefer to go out."

He glanced at Adele, but she had turned away with bowed head, looking utterly crushed. After a moment's hesitation he turned to go, when M. Veaudry sprang forward and barred his way.

"Keep out of this, Anatole!" warned young Randall. "You've done your share."

"Yes, I have done my share, but I have not forgotten my honor," replied the young creole, pale with but ill repressed excitement. "I would kill him, but not by lies. It was a fair meeting. Colonel Moreau was armed this morning. He carried that very pistol you show us here," pointing to the weapon that Judge Pleydell still held. "The proof is there," he finished simply. "Your cousin, he told me."

"You fool!" cried young Randall, completely outraged at this unexpected action, which he considered base treachery. "What do you mean? Aaron," he added violently, turning to his cousin, "tell him that's a lie."

But Tom Randall's second witness proved as disappointing, and his hasty, despicable and well executed method of vengeance fell to pieces before his enraged eyes. He, who had not thought twice of fastening a murder upon his enemy, had never for a moment doubted that, the necessity arising, this important witness, this blood relation who shared his hatred, would readily swear away the life of their mutual enemy. He had acted without principle. He had reckoned without his cousin's inherent love for common decency and justice. Aaron Randall positively refused to corroborate the falsehood. "No, sir," he said sternly. "We have a better way."

Tom, abandoning himself to rage and chagrin, turned upon M. Veaudry and Aaron. "You cowardly sneaks!" he cried. "You go back on me now when I had this man where I could pay him what I owed him. There are twenty men around this house who would stamp his life out like a rattlesnake. Give me that pistol."

"Give him the pistol. Give him forty!" added Kirby hotly as Judge Pleydell hesitated. "I'll teach you to skulk behind trees and rob a dead man, to swear a murder on me," he added passionately, turning upon his accuser. "I am clear of your lies. I am within the law now, and you are outside it. Take your pistol, call in your friends to help you, and I'm ready."—

"No! No!" cried Adele piteously.

He turned, mastering by an effort his bitter passion. "And," he finished courteously, with a formal bow, "I will make them welcome. It shall never be said of me that I was inhospitable in my own house."

Oblivious to the others, his declaration had been aimed at Adele, and, despite the suave courtesy with which it was delivered, she was acutely conscious of a certain bitter undercurrent of irony in the words, re-enforced by the sardonic challenge of his eyes.

"Your own house," she echoed slowly. "Did you say that"—

"It is mine tonight."

She stared at him, wide eyed and tremulous with sudden fear and horror, as if the phantasmagoria of some hideous dream, a being whom she had swiftly learned to cherish, had in a breath turned into a venomous reptile, its wicked head drawn back to strike.

"There is only one man in the world who could make that claim," she whispered, choking over each word while she still stared with horrified fascination—"only one man in the world who could make that claim!"

"Don't you see who the scoundrel is?" cried Tom, with brutal contempt.

Kirby bowed gravely to Adele Randall.

"Cameo Kirby—at your service, madam. I told you the bad prince always stayed too long," he added sadly, bitterly.

CHAPTER XIII.

IMMEDIATELY following Kirby's dramatic declaration Adele had given a little cry and promptly fainted, while her brother attempted another ineffectual assault upon his enemy. With difficulty he was bundled out of the room by Aaron and M. Veaudry before blood was shed, Kirby being in no humor to stand further insults from his accuser. Then Adele was escorted from the room by old Mammy Lena, Croup's wife, while Judge Pleydell repaired to the balcony and dismissed the patiently waiting posse.

Unwillingly the posse dispersed, some even returning to New Orleans, while the indefatigable old judge retired indoors and sought his three friends, leaving Kirby and Bunce in undisputed possession of the ground floor.

"Well, gentlemen," began Pleydell in a businesslike voice, "there is only one thing to be done, and that is to adhere to our original plan. It is no time now to deplore our mutual blindness. The fact remains that that d—d low gambler has claimed the plantation, as we expected, though I admit he took an unlooked for and devilish roundabout method of doing so."

"If I had had any help he wouldn't be here now," interrupted Tom Randall sullenly, glowering at Aaron and M. Veaudry. "I'll fix him yet!"

"Not you alone, but the four of us," corrected Pleydell, "and we'll give him a fairer chance than he deserves. In the meantime, Tom, you must control yourself and keep out of his way until the ladies have left the house, for no violence must be indulged in in their presence. Your poor sister has stood about all she can bear, I reckon, though I'm glad she discovered in time the true character of that designing villain"—

"You mean to insinuate that he dared to pay his addresses to Adele?" cried Tom, springing to his feet in a fresh access of fury.

M. Veaudry laid a restraining hand upon his arm. "It is that I do not. But Mr Kirby has acted as other than a gentleman to a lady," he said pacifically, glancing significantly at Pleydell.

"Gentleman!" sneered young Randall. "As if he knew the meaning of the word! But if he had dared to address Adele I would go down now and"—

"You must learn to control yourself, sir," interposed the judge, somewhat testily, irritated at the boy's mad outbursts. "I think you can safely leave the honor of the family in the mature and capable hands of your cousin. You have misinterpreted my words," he added, ignoring the other's shrug at the mention of Aaron's supposed abilities, "for Anatole is quite right. Mr Kirby evidently has one virtue—he knows his limits and your sister is not one to be impressed by such a character even if masquerading under such an honorable name as Colonel Moreau. To return to the real theme, is it agreed, then, that we adhere to our original plan?"

As Tom sulkily refused to speak, Aaron asked gravely: "You mean that the ladies go to your plantation, Judge Pleydell, while we remain for the ostensible purpose of formally handing over the estate to to that man? The ladies are to be kept in ignorance of our real purpose?"

"I'd shoot him and be done with it," sniffed young Randall. "He'll slip through your fingers again—see if he doesn't."

"Yes, the ladies are to be kept in entire ignorance," agreed Pleydell, ignoring the boy's observation, "likewise Mr. Kirby and that fat scoundrel who accompanies him—no warning, mind, for they are desperate characters who hesitate at nothing. Miss Adele will naturally abhor the idea of remaining under this roof one minute longer than is absolutely necessary. To complete our ostensible purpose inform the servants we are leaving, never to return, and let Miss Adele pack up and take with her such things as belonged to her mother and upon which this scoundrel can have no legal claim. By the way, we must assume charge of Colonel Moreau's portmanteau, with such effects as it may contain. It is our duty to inquire if he left any next of kin and to return his belongings to them. Poor gentleman—so honorable, chivalrous and courageous. I regret that I had not the extreme honor of meeting him while he was yet living."

As, in quest of the portmanteau, Aaron entered the deserted drawing room Kirby, pacing the balcony, hailed him from the window.

"Mr. Randall, if you think that excitable young cousin of yours is ready to listen to me there's something I've got to tell him," he said quietly, mastering his irritation.

"It is our intention that you shall see him, sir, as soon as the ladies have gone," replied Aaron, with a significance lost on the other.

"When the ladies have gone?" echoed Kirby, entirely without comprehension, for he had never contemplated such a move.

Mr. Randall nodded.

"Mr. Kirby," he said coldly, "in their sense of honor to the dead man who lost this place to you his children do not oppose your possession. But you can scarcely imagine they would be willing to pass the night under this roof once you had claimed it."

Without comment Kirby returned to the balcony. He looked old and careworn, for the words had stung him to the quick. Twice within the past hour he had sent a request for an interview to Adele, and as yet she had made no answer. This, then, was the explanation. Evidently he was deemed too unclean a thing even to look upon. He did not greatly wonder, for he could never efface the memory of her horrified look and cry when the mask had fallen and the bad prince stood revealed. After all, the penalty for his remaining had been immeasurably greater than he had anticipated.

Meanwhile Aaron had bent over the portmanteau, which still lay open upon a chair as Judge Pleydell had left it in searching for Colonel Moreau's Derringer. The contents of the suit case had been somewhat disarranged, and the methodical Aaron now withdrew a badly crumpled coat, intending to fold it neatly before replacing it. As he did so a red morocco box fell from one of the pockets. Aaron, about to return it, suddenly started and held it under the light of an adjacent lamp, for the inscription on the lid which had arrested his attention was: "Margaret Randall to her husband, John Randall."

"Margaret Randall—that was Adele's mother," he exclaimed in wonder.

"What is that?" asked M. Veaudry, entering the room and noting the other's interest.

"Something that fell from Colonel Moreau's portmanteau," replied Aaron, opening the box and examining its contents. "You see, it is the miniature of Adele's mother that that gambler won the night he won the plantation," nodding to the balcony where Kirby could be heard pacing back and forth. "You know he got even my poor cousin's jewels. This is set with diamonds. Look, half of them are gone."

"To the pawnshop, eh?" ventured M. Veaudry. "Yet you found it in Colonel Moreau's portmanteau? It is very strange. How has it come there?"

"No one knows but Colonel Moreau, and he can't answer anything now," said Aaron solemnly. "You better give this box to Tom."

Like his older brother, the General has proved an unwilling participant in Judge Pleydell's maneuver. The child strongly disapproved of the idea, for he was now summarily hauled out of bed and forced to exchange the known comforts of that article for the doubtful accommodations of the drawing room sofa.

"What for do they make me get up in the middle of the night?" he sleepily demanded as Croup made up the impromptu bed in the now deserted room. "What for do they dress me again?"

"Yo's gwine to Jedge Pleydell's plantation, honey," patiently explained the old servant for the tenth time. "Dey go'n' pack up all yo' li'l' clothes an' all dem toys yo' had when yo' was a baby. Dey ain't gwine to 'sturb yo' so much hyah."

"But I don't want to go to Judge Pleydell's plantation," peevishly protested the child. "Aren't we ever coming back here to live again?"

"No'm, I don't hardly spect so, li'l' marse. Yo' kain't stay no mo' hyah, honey, an' ole Croup kain't go nowah wif yo' all's no mo'. Ole niggah got a new marse now. Yo' must sleep, honey. I wake yo' when dey ready, li'l' marse. Hesh, honey, hesh!" And Croup lightly tiptoed from the room as the General nodded drowsily and then closed his weary eyes.

And thus Kirby found him. As if conscious of the other's gaze, the boy instantly awoke with a start and sat bolt upright, throwing off his impromptu covers.

"I've got to have a talk with you," he said gravely. "No; I won't go to



"THEY ALL HATE YOU, DON'T THEY?"

sleep, and if you leave I'll get up. I want some more light. I'm going to have some things the way I want them."

Recognizing that flight was useless and that the child was in deadly earnest, Kirby obediently turned up the lamp.

"It strikes me," he said mildly, "you'll come very near getting a good many things the way you want them."

"You come and sit here," peremptorily ordered the General, pointing to a stool beside the sofa. And again the man obeyed. For a moment the child was silent, gravely contemplating his pseudo hero. "What is a 'd—d low gambler?'" he suddenly inquired.

"It's what some people call me," replied Kirby after a pause. "I'm sorry they do it before you."

"They don't like you any more, do they—specially Dele? They all hate you, don't they? I know why. It's because you turned out to be the bad prince," said the boy, nodding solemnly.

Again the other was silent. "General," he said at length, "there's something your sister never got quite straight in the stories she's read you. Sometimes the good prince is half bad, and sometimes the bad prince—is half good."

"No; there was never anything like that in the books," reflected the General, greatly surprised.

"And sometimes," added Kirby, "they are both just one man—half good and half bad."

"Both just in one person?"

"Yes. And when that person—half good prince and half bad prince, remember—gets into a mysterious underground passage, say, and the adventure takes him to where the people are good, why, then he tries to be all good too."

The child pondered over this truth, little comprehending those strange contradictions and complexities of the soul, of that dual personality which has mystified older and wiser heads than his, that has baffled sage and scientist alike and will baffle them to the end of time.

"Then are you trying not to be a bad prince now—not any more at all ever?" he finally asked.

"Not where you and your sister are," said Kirby, his voice trembling.

"But you'll turn out bad again when we go away?" suggested the child.

"I don't know just what will happen then," confessed the man, staring dully at the floor.

Silence came. Then the child sighed. "I'd like to know the end of that story."

The man echoed the sigh, smiling wanly. "I'm afraid I can't tell you the end."

Although no herald of intrusion had been apparent, he was suddenly conscious that some one had entered the room before the General had expressed his wish. Rising, he discerned Adele Randall, who now came swiftly forward and, ignoring him, assumed a protecting attitude over the child, as if to shield it from an infinitely contaminating presence. She appeared the same as on the first occasion of his meeting with her—pale, sad, dressed entirely in black, hopelessly emotionless and uncompromisingly hopeless.

"Miss Randall," he ventured at length, ignoring her attitude, "I have something for you. Several times I have sent one of the servants to you requesting an interview. I don't want you to regret all your life the fact that you refused to listen to me."

Without a word or a glance she turned to the General and took him by the hand, the child struggling with all his small strength. "Please don't make me!" he implored. "Dele, he's trying not to be bad like they said. And, don't you remember, I promised to be his trusty friend. Can't I even talk to him?"

"Miss Randall," quietly interposed Kirby, "there isn't a slave on this plantation you wouldn't listen to if he asked to be heard before you punished him. Won't you"—

But she had gone, half carrying the still ineffectually struggling General. Kirby remained grimly eying a slip of paper he had withdrawn from his pocket. It was his last card—the deed to the plantation. Throwing it on the table, he sank into a chair, a prey to the most hopeless dejection.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN that disheartened attitude Bunce eventually found Kirby. From the balcony window the fat veteran had witnessed Adele's silent contempt, and he now laid a sympathetic hand upon his partner's shoulder.

"You see how you stand with her, don't you?" he said quietly. "I won't say she ain't a fine enough woman to make any man act the fool about her. But, Gene, you've got to hold up your head and git over it. It's too late for you to start your life again, and you can't drag her into it. Take one good look at yourself, Gene Kirby, then take another at her. But, say, she wouldn't take you if you was an angel stepped right out of the first front floor of heaven. What could you ever be to her? Nothin' but a d—d gambler. I seen the way she treated you."

"That's because she doesn't know what I'm going to do," replied Kirby, striving to convince himself. "Look at that paper."

Bunce examined the deed, then turned indignantly upon the signer thereof.

"I've seen you give some pore young feller his money back after you'd won it, but I never knowed you to do it if the feller slapped you in the face first," he said witheringly. "The girl won't stay long enough in the same room to wipe her shoes on you. Don't that hurt you?"

"It won't hurt so much after this," replied Kirby, indicating the paper.

"When the fool maker made you I reckon he quit work. He knowed he'd reached his high water mark," commented Bunce, with a despairing shrug. "Now, I'll make her speak to you."

Kirby shook his head, his relaxed figure stiffening with sudden resolution.

"No," he said quietly. "You and I'll get out of here. I won't see Miss Randall again."

But the other, giving no heed to the words, quietly left the room, while Kirby remained seated at the table abstractedly toying with the cards, utterly oblivious to surroundings. His fleeting resolution had already vanished. His grip on the present had relaxed. He felt singularly hopeless, heartsick and utterly alone.

He did not know—nor, knowing, would greatly have cared—that Judge Pleydell's plan was about to be executed. He did not know that Mme. Davezac, Miss Pleydell and the General were already in the carriage waiting to be conveyed to their neighbor's plantation, waiting for the coming of Adele, who had been inexplicably delayed at the last minute delayed by Bunce, who was putting forth every persuasive effort, pleading, coaxing, threatening all in one breath, in a desperate attempt to bring her back to the drawing room, to make her grant a farewell interview to his partner.

At length, in the midst of his broodings, a sound from the window attracted his attention, and, listlessly turning, he discerned young Randall, old Pleydell, Aaron and M. Veaudry, all scrutinizing him intently with a look there was no misinterpreting. They considered the ladies safely away, and the time had now come when a judicial murder might be perpetrated.

Before a word had been exchanged Kirby fathomed their purpose, but no hint of cognizance was evinced in his manner. He arose leisurely and with the courtesy of guest to host rather than with any intention of self defense, alarm or even interest. And for a space and in silence the four men surveyed the one. Then young Randall spoke ominously and, for him, with admirable restraint.

"It's pretty dark outside, Mr. Kirby—too dark to shoot straight. Shall we settle it here? We are going to give you a chance, and you'd better get yourself ready to take it blanked quick unless you prefer to be shot like a rat."

"If you leave it to me," said Kirby mildly, "I prefer not to be shot at all."

"Do you realize that in giving you a fair show we do a common gambler an honor?" returned the boy, struggling hard against his passion. He resented Kirby's serene composure, for against it he was placed at a humiliating disadvantage.

"I am deeply sensible of your kindness to one of my profession," observed the "common gambler," bowing with courteous formality. "You seem to be making quite elaborate preparations, gentlemen, but I think you're putting yourselves to unnecessary trouble. Mr. Randall, you and your sister"—

"Don't you dare mention the name of any lady of my family!" menaced Tom.

"But that is necessary, sir," suavely murmured the other, "because you and your sister, Miss Adele Randall"—

"You wolf!" snarled the boy, and he struck with all his strength.

The alert and pacific M. Veaudry caught the descending arm, and before the outraged and now thoroughly incensed boy, furious at Kirby's deliberate repetition of Miss Randall's name, could wrest himself free and renew the attack Adele herself had entered the room, followed by the successful Bunce. Her presence instantly prohibited further hostilities, and young Randall sullenly turned away, raging against her delayed departure and unexpected intrusion. The self satisfied and beaming glance cast upon him by the portly veteran Bunce did not improve his temper, although in a measure it afforded an explanation of Adele's presence.

"I have yielded to this gentleman's request," said the girl stonily, waving an ironic and contemptuous hand toward Bunce, while her eyes looked accurately through the top of Kirby's head. "I grant your interview. What is it you wish to say? Kindly be as explicit and terse as possible."

He handed her the slip of paper which before this he had sought to offer.

"I fear your brother may be too excited to read it," he said indifferently.

She eyed it wonderingly, scanning it twice over and yet again before digesting its brief contents. In silence she handed it to her brother, and he, after a long, incredulous stare, exclaimed:

"He gives it back to buy his safety!"

"Read the date," commanded Kirby, addressing the girl.

In the same mechanical manner she obeyed, spelling it out as if it were written in some strange language with which she was but vaguely familiar.

"He wrote that the first day the doctors let him set up to a table after Jack Moreau shot him," sharply explained Bunce, angered at the reception accorded what he considered a sublime act of generosity, forbearance and asininity.

Slowly Adele raised her eyes from the paper and looked steadily at the "common gambler." "This was in remorse for my father?" she whispered.

"No." It was said quite simply and emotionlessly, as if the question were too absurd to seriously consider. He would have employed the same tone in refuting the statement that he was a Chinaman.

"That doesn't agree very well with Colonel Moreau's story," sneered young Randall, loath to credit such an enemy with one worthy motive.

"You bet your bottom dollar it don't," agreed Bunce.

"That will do, Larkin," said Kirby sharply. "There's nothing more to be said. We're through here."

Despite Adele's earnest request to remain and the plea that she had the right to know the meaning of this strange contradiction of evidence, he resolutely turned to leave the room, his partner obediently following.

But once again M. Veaudry, sinking his own interests in those of justice, stepped forward and detained his sometime rival.

"Make him speak, Tom!" he cried, turning to young Randall. "This miniature of your mother we found in Colonel Moreau's portmanteau." And he handed the other the red morocco box.

"But—but my father lost it to you!" exclaimed the bewildered boy, turning to Kirby.

"No, not to me, Mr. Randall." Again that same patient, emotionless tone, totally devoid of resentment or even interest.

"If—if we've been in the wrong," tremulously whispered Adele, raising her head proudly, but pleading supplication speaking strongly from her eyes, "you will set us straight, you will be fair?"

For a long moment Kirby hesitated, then finally turned to the now eagerly waiting boy.

"Mr. Randall," he said, with elaborate irony, "the question involved in my conduct is so purely professional that it may be almost impossible to clear it up to the satisfaction of a layman. Mr. Bunce, being one of the brethren, would comprehend me perfectly, but I shall have to point out that in my profession there are separate castes, both high and low, each controlled by its own standards."

"You accuse Colonel Moreau of being a gambler?" said young Randall as the other paused.

"I regretfully admit that he had some claim to the title," replied Kirby, with intentional elegance of manner, "for the group to which the 'colonel' belonged countenances certain practices, such as the intoxication of opponents and the elimination of chance in the fall of the cards, and this, we feel, shows a lack of foresight tending to bring discredit on the entire profession, which might in time drive its followers from their legitimate field of industry. For that reason, when I discovered the late Colonel Moreau in a private stateroom of the Shotwell

(Continued on page 5)

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law

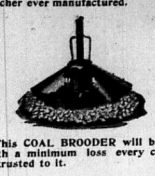


WILSON'S - HARDWARE



Miller's "Ideal" Incubators

Oil or Electrically heated, are built to last a life-time. In all sizes from 35 to 1800 egg capacity. The best hatcher ever manufactured.



This COAL BROODER will brood with a minimum loss every chick entrusted to it.

D. B. WILSON

Phone 138.

No Change in the Price

Hair Cut

35c.

FRED S. SCOTT

BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.

(One door south of Express Office.)

F. C. MARTIN & SON

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS

22 Years' Experience

Ambulance Service in Connection

Prompt attention to night or day calls.

Office Telephone No. 74.
Residence Telephone No. 375

24-6m

RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT!

We are exclusive agents for DeForest Crossley and Marconi Battery and Batteryless Radios.

'Phone 367 and make an appointment with us for a demonstration.

We carry a complete line of Radio Accessories and Eveready Layerbuilt Batteries.

"A WIRED HOUSE IS A CHEERFUL HOME"

Have your house wired.
Estimates given free.
We carry a complete line of up-to-date Fixtures, Irons, Toasters, Curling Tongs, Etc.

Beach and National Electric Ranges have exclusive features which can't be beaten.

Premier Duplex Vacuum Cleaner to rent—also Cadillac Floor Polisher.

One 3-burner Coal Oil Stove for sale cheap—a good buy.

One Coal and Wood Range for sale.

1 3-burner Moffat Electric range.

1 Victor phonograph, with 24 records.

1 5-tube Atwater-Kent Radio.

1 Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph with several records, at a real price.

Vine's Electric Shop

MARKET SQUARE. 'Phone 367.
Residence 'Phone 112-F



WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite**, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,

Napanee, - Ontario

HOCKEY

(Continued from page 1.)

merely too heavy for Napanee, and on the night's play were the better team.

Napanee, however, has the best team which has been seen locally for years, and several of the players stood out, particularly Naphin, Bentley and Gleeson. Manager Bill McLaughlin was hard pressed for substitutes, as his star relief man, "Bunny" Detlor, was suffering from tonsilitis, and was actually in no condition to play at all. He arrived late, and was given a good hand on his few appearances. A couple more capable substitutes to relieve the fast tiring forward line might have meant the difference between victory and defeat. The most effective player on the ice was probably Johnton, the black headed Trenton centre man.

Each of the goal keepers turned in wonderful performances. Bowen, of Trenton, has the reputation of being one of the best in the amateur game and lived up to advance notices, turning dozens of hard drives aside with ease particularly in first thirty minutes. But it would be hard to find a spectator who would consider him superior to last night. "Wes" Powell, Powell's game was at times miraculous. Jumping, kicking, and batting like lumber from all angles he must have saved a score for every one that passed him, and those three which got by were all well earned.

The teams were :

Trenton—Bowen goal ; defence Anderson and Allore ; centre Johnston ; wings Chensel and Blakely ; subs Shoniker, Bowen.

Napanee—Goal Powell ; defence Naphin and Gleeson ; centre Bentley ; wings Wilson and H. Johnson ; subs G. Johnston and Detlor.

The wild snow-storm of Friday kept many of those who followed the fortunes of of the team at home, nevertheless a special coach was packed with Napanee supporters on the trip, and many others went to Trenton by car, including the Napanee band, who have developed into one of the best supporters the local team had.

When the train drew into the Trenton station the band struck up hard and after a selection on the platform headed the procession of players and fans down the main street to the Gilbert House.

The game commenced sharp at eight-thirty again, with Napanee doing its utmost to open the count. Play was fast and furious from the first face off, with honors about evenly divided. Both goal tenders were subjected to a heavy barrage of flying rubber, and both turned them aside time after time. Eventually, after twelve minutes play, when Napanee was one man short through a penalty, Johnston of Trenton, who in both games was the most effective player on the ice, was able to work right in on Powell and give him no chance to save With a two goal lead on the round Trenton eased up a bit, and Napanee redoubled their efforts, but the Trenton goalie, Bowen, was unbeatable. The most unfortunate incident of the game occurred in this period, when Jimmy Naphin, who was playing the best hockey of his career, was checked by both the Trenton defense men. It was then that Jimmy was hurt, but few realized that it was more than an ordinary bump, until his elbow was examined by doctors at the end of the period, and he was advised to remain off the ice, as they feared a fracture. But nothing like that could keep Naphin out of the game. He is one player who will give everything he has to win, and if ever there was a better sportsman than Jimmy, we would like to have met him.

Napanee faced an almost impossible task, to overcome the two goal lead when the second period opened, and the subs were used more frequently to try to keep up the pace. But again, as in Napanee, the superior stamina of Trenton began to tell. Five minutes after the start Johnston was able to get one in again, and scored. This was followed in half a minute by another counter by Allore. And the movie men sewed up the series beyond any doubt six minutes later when they increased the Trenton lead to five. The period was decidedly Trenton's, for Napanee were being held to long shots most of the time.

The locals kept their feet better than they did in their home game however, for the fast pace continued into the third period, when Wilson was able to save Napanee from a shut out. It was Napanee's only tally, and ten minutes later Chensel scored again for Trenton. This third period was a heart breaker. Once in particular Naphin stickhandled his way right in on Bowen, and found no one with him to take his pass. With a broken arm and all, he had to shoot, and was barely able to get the puck off the ice. Bowen saved again.

To Bowen must go most of the credit for the series. The Trenton net-guardian is way too fast for this company. He has been accused of having a horseshoe around his neck, but a man cannot always be lucky, and there was more of skill than luck in the way he protected his net.

It is difficult to give credit to any one of Napanee's players without thinking first of Naphin. He was the prettiest skater, and the most expert stick handler and his shot was likely Napanee's best. Gleeson, his partner on the defence, was not so flashy, but always dangerous and was he started out with the puck he usually got his shot away Bentley, at centre, was the most aggressive player. He was always after the disc, and no opponent ever carried it far without Freddie's stick poking away at it. In both games he skated himself to exhaustion, as did his two wing men, Johnston and Wilton. Detlor was feeling better than in the preceding game and was used more frequently, always to good advantage, and Manager Bill McLaughlin donned his skates to relieve the defence. Bill can go with the best of them, too.

Between periods the Napanee Band and the Trenton Band rendered a few selections. Although their hockey team won, our band had it all over theirs.

The teams :

Trenton :—Bowen, goal ; defence, Anderson and Allore ; centre, Johnston ; wings, Chensel and Blakely ; subs, Shoniker and Bowen.

Napanee : Powell, goal ; defence, Naphin and Gleeson ; centre, Bentley ; wings, Wilson and H. Johnston ; subs, McLaughlin and Detlor.

RANDOM NOTES ON LOCAL ATHLETIC TOPICS.

It is pleasant to note that the town has been supporting the hockey team fairly well this winter. For every game a fair crowd turns out and for some of the more important games the rink is packed. Napanee enjoys sports but demands a winning steam. We have been lucky enough to have three teams in the past year which have been able to win a majority of their games. Charlie Loucks' baseball team last summer finished at the top of their league and got the crowd behind them. Grant Paul's Softball girls won their goup, and finished the year with money in the bank. And now Bill McLaughlin's hockey team packs the rink. Let us hope that more of our teams will win games, for then they are sure of the support, without which they would soon die a natural death.

Now that the hockey season is practically over, where can we turn for sports ? Of recent years Softball in the Armouries gave the town some real thrills. Last year an effort was made to re-organize the Inter-church League, and officers were appointed and all that sort of thing. But, owing to the condition of the floor in the Armouries, the idea was abandoned. In the meantime the floor has been repaired, and we notice that a new Softball diamond has been painted out on it. May we expect some games on it ? The town would like them, and if the Napanee Leafs, who won the Bay of Quinte League last year, are to keep in training and develop new talent for the places which will be vacant, somebody should start something at once.

Ruttan—Kellar.

A pretty mid-winter wedding wedding took place at the Bay Parsonage, Napanee, on Saturday, March 10th, at 6 p.m., when Miss Dorothy Elizabeth Kellar, of Newburgh, was united in marriage to Mr. Albert Edward Ruttan, of Napanee. Rev. R. J. Merriam officiating.

The Late Henry VanAlstine

The remains of the late Henry VanAlstine, who passed away at the home of his daughter, near Odessa, were brought to Napanee and placed in Riverside Vault, interment to be made in the spring. The deceased was a former well-known resident of this district, he having been a prosperous farmer on the Palace Road. His wife, who was a sister of the Misses Alma and Emma Thompson, Napanee, predeceased him a number of years ago.

STOMACH GAS DRIVES MAN FROM BED

"I had gas so bad I had to get up nights on account of the pressure on my heart. I used Adlerika and have been entirely relieved."—B. F. Krueger.

Even the FIRST spoonful of Adlerika relieves gas and often removes astonishing amount of old waste matter from the system. Makes you enjoy your meals and sleep better. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Wallace's Drug Store.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon : "The River of God."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00—Evening worship.
Evangelistic messages, "Excuses."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.—Debate.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

SALVATION ARMY

Ensign and Mrs. Howe, Commanding Officers.

Public Services :
Saturday, 8 p.m.—Praise service.
Sunday, 11 a.m.—Holiness meeting.
2 p.m.—Bible Class and Company meeting.
7.30 p.m.—Salvation meeting.
Monday, 4.15 — Service for young people led by Adj. Keith.
Monday, 8 p.m.—Public service conducted by Brigadier McDonald and Adj. Keith.
Welcome to all.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church : Public Worship 11 a.m.
Bethany Church : Sunday School 1.30 p.m. ; Public Worship 2.30 p.m. ; Meeting of Quarterly Official Board March 30th, at 2.30 p.m.
Anderson Church: Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

SUNDAY, MARCH 18th.
8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
2.30 p.m.—Confirmation Class.
7.00—Evensong and sermon.

Auction Sale.

S. W. Clark, Auctioneer, will sell for Mr. Sam Knapp, on lot 13, con. 5, Richmond, on Tuesday, April 3rd, at 1 p.m., choice milch cows, horses, pigs, hens, dog, wagons, sleighs, harness, mower, rake, wagon rack, gas engine, and other articles. Usual terms. 16c

Former Pastor's.

Rev. C. E. Cragg, B.A., pastor of the United Church at Sarnia, has received a call to King street church, Oshawa, to succeed Rev. C. W. Demille, who is leaving for Stratford in July. Mr. Cragg is well known in this district, having been pastor of Grace church during the years 1914 to 1917, coming from here to Lethbridge, Alberta.

Auction Sale.

Of household furniture and effects, at the home of Mrs. Hannah Denison, Robert street, just north of Grace Church, on Saturday, March 24th, at one o'clock, consisting of chairs, tables, bedsteads, bedding and dishes, couch and oil stoves and other articles too numerous to mention. A full list of carpenter's tools.

Received Call to New Pastorate.

Rev. W. R. Merrick, for the past six years minister on the Morven circuit, has received an unanimous call to the pastorate of the Cannifton United Church, near Belleville. The call being sustained, Mr and Mrs. Merrick will go to their new charge in July. While regretting to lose Mr. Merrick from this immediate district, their many friends will be pleased to learn that he has been selected for Cannifton, which is one of the best circuits in and around Belleville. Mr. Merrick will succeed Rev. Enos Farnsworth, who is well known in this district, he having been the minister on the Newburgh, Selby and Bay circuit in the Napanee district a few years ago.

Henry K. Filson.

One of Kingston's best-known men passed away on Monday morning, following a lengthy illness, in the person of Henry K. Filson, who died at his home, 346 George street. The late Mr. Filson was born at Amherst Island, and lived for a number of years in Kingston. He was a valued member of the local police force for several years, going on the Portsmouth Penitentiary staff, as a guard. He filled that position faithfully and well, until ill-health caused his retirement. Deceased served overseas during the war, leaving with the 146th Battalion. He was a member of Minden Lodge, of the Masonic Order, and also Granite Lodge of Oddfellows. The late Mr. Filson was a member of Cooke's church, and was a member of the session up to the time of his death. He was for a number of years a member of the choir of that church. Deceased is survived by his mother, residing in Montreal, his widow, two sisters, Mrs. Caughey, of Amherst Island, and Miss Anna Filson, of Montreal, and two brothers, Dr. Ralph Filson, of Hartford, Conn., and H. Filson, Montreal.—Whig-Standard.

Obituary.

On Saturday morning, March 3rd, a gloom was cast over the vicinity of Croydon, when the sad news was received that death had claimed Jean, the youngest child and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Doupe. Jean was taken suddenly ill on Wednesday, February 22nd, and after examination by Dr. O'Connor, was taken to Kingston General Hospital and operated on for appendicitis the same night. The remains were brought to her home Saturday night. The funeral took place on Monday, March 5th, at 10.30, at Redrow United Church, when Rev. Mr. Beckstead preached a very impressive sermon to a crowded church of friends and neighbors. The remains were taken to Centreville vault, to await burial in the spring. Jean was a bright little girl of seven years and four months, and was a favorite and loved by all. She leaves to mourn her loss, her heart broken parents, one brother and three sisters. The casket was covered with beautiful flowers. The sympathy of the whole community will go out to the parents and family, in their sad bereavement.



TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof. Baird.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

NAPANEE POULTRY ASSOCIATION

A regular meeting of the Napanee Poultry Association was held in the Agricultural Hall, Napanee, on Monday, 5th March, 1928. Owing to the absence of the President, Mr. Ray Storey, Mr. A. N. Fraser, Morven, occupied the chair. Arrangements are being made this year to again work with the Lennox Fair, and it is hoped that the Association will be able to have an exhibit of at least a thousand birds. This will give Napanee the largest Poultry Show outside of Toronto and Ottawa in Ontario, and with the well-known reputation Napanee already has for the horse races held in connection with the annual fair, will give the Fair Directors, without doubt, the strongest exhibit of its class in Ontario. The poultry itself will be a big attraction.

This will be just another item of the Associations work in maintaining Napanee as the premier Poultry Centre of Canada. The show is principally for the benefit of the Lennox and Addington Poultry Keepers and by introducing them to become exhibitors, it keeps and brings the best strains and blood into the County and also in order to have pullets and cockerels fit to show in August means early hatching. Of course all birds hatched are not show birds, so the surplus will be of good size for the fattening crates in December. The habit this district of early hatching will invariably continue and others seeing the extra money going into the pocket of Napanee and from the additional weights of the early hatched birds, it is hoped that early hatching will be the rule, not the exception.

The early history of Napanee Poultry Days make interesting reading and the great credit is due to those merchants who had foresight and courage to inaugurate the system of having the dressed birds brought in on a given date. Farmers used to bring their poultry in any time in the week and they considered most convenient. Among the merchants mentioned were the names of J. Lester Boyes, Thomas Gilchard, John Robinson, Thos. Wallace, Wm. Boyle and Harry Hunter. It was a success from the beginning and the size of each buyer having his own day and no competitive bidding, consequently a low price to the poultry man, larger quantities were brought in, more buyers and from more distant points were present, and more important to both the poultry men and the Napanee merchant, better prices were obained.

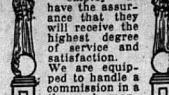
Too much credit cannot be given to the early Agriculture Representatives of Lennox and Addington, who were keen and enthusiastic poultry men. They were not only poultry enthusiasts themselves, but worked hard to get others interested and able to participate in the financial benefits through the influence of the late T. G. Carscallen, M.P.P., Geo. B. Curran, a graduate of the Ontario Agriculture College was brought to Napanee in 1911. It has been told that Mr. Carscallen, when Mr. Curran reported to Napanee, refused to believe that the boy was the newly appointed Agriculture Representative for the District. However the boy soon showed that he knew the poultry business and was willing to give all he had. The farmers of the district were shown how crate fattening paid, and how the correct method of killing, bleeding and dry picking brought the best prices for quality. The educational work started by Mr. Curran was continued by his successor, Mr. Harry Millen, who removed (owing to his promotion) much to the regret of all poultry men in Lennox and Addington, from the district when he was a minute. However, poultry is still strong in this county, and almost immediately after the Poultry Days in November, poultry men start to make preparations for the next year, while many have their own incubators and brooders, considerable business in what is known as custom hatching is done. Among the most successful of the latter is Mr. Harold Pringle, Fredericksburgh, with his Mammoth Incubator. Mr. Pringle is amember of the Napanee Poultry Association.

Congratulations.

The many readers of the Express as well as many others, extend to Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Kayler, who reside a short distance from Napanee, on the Kingston road, their hearty congratulations of the 25th anniversary of their wedding, which was fittingly observed on Wednesday of this week. The happy event was attended by over 40 relatives and friends from Napanee and the surrounding district, Toronto, Winnipeg, Cobalt, and other places. A dinner befitting the occasion was held at their home and Mr. and Mrs. Kayler were the recipients of a number of congratulations, not only personal, but many coming by mail and telegram. Mr. Kayler was born on the old Kayler homestead in the township of Ernesttown 72 years ago and has resided in this district ever since. Mrs. Kayler, who is 73 years of age, was also born in this district, and like her husband has resided here continuously these many years. Both Mr. and Mrs. Kayler are in exceptionally good health and are regular attendants at Trinity United church of which they have been honored members for many years. Mr. Kayler is and always has been a staunch Liberal, but never aspired to any office, he being willing to serve as a humble citizen. Their many friends wish for them many more years of useful life.



THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner, and our services are dependable and polite.



THE MILLS HATCHERY.

Started operations Feb. 29th and are again ready for your eggs in any quantity.

Hatch Early.

Early hatched chicks grow better, fewer of them die, the broilers bring more money because of being sold earlier on a higher market, and the pullets mature in time to lay high priced fall and winter eggs.

We have four Buckeye Mammoth Incubators, with a combined capacity of 36000 eggs, and as these machines are the latest and best, and with our eight years' experience, it will pay you to let us hatch all your eggs for you, thus giving you maximum amount of quality chicks with no work or worry on your part whatever. And we positively guarantee you will get your own chicks from your own eggs. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO., Napanee.

15-b

Beautify your Home.

Use Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes. Wall paints, floor paints, also brushing Lacquers, dries in 30 minutes. A complete stock of colors in all lines. Brushes, oils and glass. Prompt delivery. Phone 138.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

"THE CANYON OF ADVENTURE," Ken Maynard's latest starring western. The first showing in Canada.

Also a good comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Duke Lee, famous horseman of a Virginia family of lords, in playing a real life role in "THE CIRCUS ACE." Fox Films latest drama starring Tom Mix.

And a two reel comedy.

MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY.

One show only each night at 8 o'clock

King Vidor's directorial methods in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

"THE BIG PARADE"

which critics call the best photoplay to come out of Hollywood in ten years, has developed great moments of drama that give the photoplay the quality of a true epic. The direction surpasses Griffith at his best. Sincere craftsmanship and true creative genius are in evidence throughout the production.

Admission : Adults 50c. ; children 25c.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop

Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

"And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life ; he that cometh to me shall never hunger ; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst. But I said unto you that ye also have seen me, and believe not. All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which He hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." John 6 : 35-40.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

The Personal Element in Banking Affairs

BETWEEN the curtness and coldness of printed bank forms and the human element for whose use they were designed, are vast opportunities for the banker to give valuable personal assistance. The Standard Bank, through the members of its staff, is anxious to use any opportunity that arises to demonstrate its value in offering personal advice on financial matters. The local manager of the Standard Bank will be glad to give intimate counsel upon money matters pertaining to your business.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA
ESTABLISHED 1873

H. R. McHOULL
Manager, Napanee Branch
Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish ? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

CAMEO KIRBY

By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

Adapted From the Play of the Same Name by W. B. M. Ferguson

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THE AINSLEE MAGAZINE COMPANY

despoiling a gentleman who was who was not himself, I took charge of the despoliation of what remained, intending to make restitution in the morning, when the victim should be in better condition."

Young Randall being one who cherished his hatreds and affections and renounced them with difficulty, this new and obviously accurate version of his father's suicide left him in a state of mental fog. Where Adele was only too willing and eager to believe, the boy was loath. To the girl Kirby had once appeared all that woman can think of man, but to her brother he had ever been the personification of evil. Tom had blindly nourished his hatred. Now he felt strangely bewildered, self distrustful and unclean. His credulity had been shattered with his self respect. He flushed hotly at the thought of how implicitly and on such meager evidence he had believed the specious and totally unscrupulous Moreau, how from such a tissue of falsehood he had carefully erected his elaborate feud. He had even stooped to the unutterably foul act of swearing a murder upon this man, who, rather than being an enemy, had stood his father's sole friend. To him it was difficult to relegate unto himself a new viewpoint with the "common gambler" as an object for admiration rather than vilification, to disinter and transfer the halo which Moreau had calmly appropriated and taken with him to the grave to this erstwhile master rogue, this arch fiend, titles for which his name of Cameo Kirby had been a synonym.

"You meant to protect my father?" he faltered at length.

"For the honor of the profession," said Kirby. "That's all right, Mr. Randall," he added gently as the boy, utterly crushed and filled with a bitter self hatred, strove to verbally interpret his abject thoughts, to frame some sort of fitting apology. "If you'll lend me a horse to get back to the city we'll call it square. I'm ready, Larkin."

He held out his hand, and young Randall, flushing hotly, grasped it firmly, then turned away and, sinking into a chair, buried his face in his arms.

Adele, placing her hand on her brother's shoulder as if he were a child, raised him gently and escorted him from the room. At the door she turned, looking steadily at Kirby.

"You waited for me this afternoon when there was danger," she said tremulously. "Won't you wait for me now, when there is none?"

CHAPTER XV.

"BY George, Gene, it looks to me like you'd get the girl and the plantation, too!" exclaimed Bunce when at length the two were alone.

"What was that you called me awhile ago?" returned Kirby quizzically, but with an undercurrent of great seriousness. "Nothing but a—what was it? Seems to me you said something mighty pleasant about me, you being my oldest friend and therefore complimentary. Oh, yes, nothing but a 'damned gambler.' That was it."

He seated himself at the table and, as was his wont in moments of abstraction, began to cut the cards.

Bunce diplomatically ignored the tribute. The mad escapade had terminated far better than he had expected or thought possible, and in consequence his native fund of good humor had been abundantly re-enforced.

"Take Miss Randall while you can git her," he advised. "She ain't thinkin' tonight of you bein' a gambler."

"What do you suppose she'll think of it tomorrow? Think she'll remember what I am, perhaps?"

"Mebbe she won't think of it tomorrow," said Bunce hopefully.

"But what about that young Veaudry? She'd never have to think of anything he's done—or was," pursued Kirby. "Pretty square sort of a fellow, Larkin. Looks to me like I owe him a clear field to himself."

"I ain't denyin' but what he acted a gentleman to you, Gene. But now's the time you got to think of yourself."

"Looks to me you're considerable of a turncoat," smiled Kirby, picking up a card. "What were you saying to me about this? There's my wife. I married that for better or for worse—too long ago for a woman to come between us now. And what else was that you said? Oh, yes—'Take one good look at yourself, Gene Kirby; then take another at her.'"

Bunce snuffled feebly. "I've kind o' changed my mind since I said that," he mumbled. "Besides," consulting his watch, "it was a long time ago. It was last night now."

Silence came, and with it the white dawn, and as still the men sat, one mutely eying the cards, the other his fingers, a fugitive sunbeam, herald of the morning, stole into the room to shame the smoky yellow of the lamps. In the sunbeam's golden wake there followed a faint breeze that stirred the curtains and sent a current of cool, pure air swirling through the stagnant atmosphere. Then there fell upon the silence, with a softness so impalpable that it seemed merely a progression of the hush, the sound of distant singing. For some time strain and source were alike indefinite, a mere setting to harmony the charm of the young morning. And then it arose like a sweeping curve of beauty until it resolved itself into the throaty, melodious chorus of "Mississippi River."

Kirby shivered, and his eyes came back from the great beyond, while



"HAVE TWO SADDLED," HE ADDED QUIETLY

Bunce shook himself like a great dog leaving the water.

"There's the niggers goin' out to the cane," he said laconically. "The mornin's here. Well, Gene?"

"Well, Larkin?"

The other hesitated, fortifying himself with a cheroot, which he contented himself with chewing. Finally he arose, offering elaborate signs of departure.

"I hate to see a man lose out on—everything," he tentatively observed. "Well, I'm goin', Gene. I reckon they'll let me have a hoss now. Mebbe I better have two saddled, eh?"

"Well, what do you think?" parried Kirby, slowly lifting the deck of cards from the table. "Is that my wife? Do I turn back to the old river road with you, or do I"— He lifted his head with brightening vision. "Have two saddled," he added quietly, with bitter finality.

Bunce nodded slowly, understandingly.

Alone, Kirby remained at the table, staring and seeing not.

"'Take one good look at yourself, Gene Kirby; then take another at her,'" he mused mechanically and with dull monotony reiterating the phrase. "'Take one good look at yourself, Gene Kirby.' I might never have thought of that—I have been so busy looking at her."

As he sat there face to face with the future, striving to learn renunciation without embitterment, the General, now dressed in nightclothes, tiptoed softly into the room.

"They sent me to bed again," he whispered, triumphant at his evasion, while he cuddled against the man's extended arm. "I want to know the end of that story. Tell me."

Kirby strove to assume his wonted gayety of manner. How long ago it seemed since in the closed carriage he had prompted that light hearted laughter!

"So you made another hairbreadth escape, General," he commented lightly. "And you want to hear the end of the story—about the bad prince who was half good? I—I don't know if I can tell you the end."

"Why? Hasn't the end happened yet?"

"Yes; it's come."

"But it ended all right, didn't it?" persisted the General, with all youth's confident optimism.

"Yes," said the man; "it ended all right."

"But I want to know if he's still a mixed prince—a mixed good and bad prince."

Kirby pressed a weary hand over his throbbing forehead. "I guess he's pretty much mixed," he confessed, still smiling bravely.

The child pondered over this statement until at length he began to nod. "Did—did he go away?" he murmured drowsily, inquisitiveness battling nobly against outraged nature.

"Yes—he went away," whispered the man, his arm tightening about the small form. "You're sleepy, General."

"I'm not," protested the child, with great earnestness, opening wide his eyes only to promptly close them after an ineffectual struggle. "I—want—to—know—the—end." He gave a vexed, protesting sigh; then his breathing grew deep and regular.

"Your sister will tell you the end in the morning," said the man.

Rising, he gently laid the now sleeping child on the sofa and with clumsy tenderness covered him with a rug. For a long time Kirby stood looking down upon the faithful little General, who of them all had from the first given his full measure of unswerving loyalty and devotion without question and without price, and this despite the influence of family pressure, the venom of lying tongues or the specious evidence of circumstance. He knew only that he loved; that was faith and trust sufficient. As yet he was only a very small juvenile member in life's boys' brigade, but still he had his own dim notions of standing true to the colors.

When at length Kirby turned away it was to find himself face to face with Adele. How long she had been standing there he did not know. The fugitive sunbeam had long since vanished, as if heartily ashamed of taking precedence over its majestic progenitor, and the room was now suffused by a dull, rosy glow. For a space girl and man eyed each other in silence, both waiting for the other to speak. Finally she whispered:

"Am I to tell him the end of the story?" nodding to the sleeping General. "But he'll want you to."



ROYAL YEAST CAKES

For Perfect Bread

NOTE:

If you take YEAST for your health, try this: Soak a ROYAL YEAST cake over night in tepid water with a little sugar. Stir well, strain and drink the liquid. Delicious when taken in orange juice.

STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR MORE THAN 50 YEARS

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, CAN.

"I'm afraid it won't be fixed so that I can, Miss Randall. You see, I was only waiting to say goodby to you."

"He'll—he'll be disappointed," she ventured, with a pitiful attempt at composure. "And—you are only waiting to say goodby?"

He nodded, smiling wanly.

"You remember that story I told you of the rosebush and the playing cards?"

"Are you and I like that?"

"Just like that," he said.

"But some time"— She broke off, making a hopeless, pleading gesture.

"Tell him when he awakes," said Kirby, taking a great breath and holding high his head, "the end is that for one great day, from sunrise to sunrise, the mixed prince was with somebody so good that he went away to try to make himself all over. And if he can"— He faltered and stopped; then, taking courage from her eyes, began again. "And if he can"—

"And if he can," she prompted, a great wave of color surging to cheek and neck. "And if I should wait for that—that wouldn't be the end?"

"No. That would be"—

"It would be"— she whispered, holding him with her eyes.

"Just the beginning, after all."

THE END.

A FAVORITE OF KINGS.

Rosalind Thomsen Was Once Famous Actress and Singer.

Rosalind Thomsen, who dies recently in Copenhagen, was once a famous actress, and the favorite of kings.

A romantic episode marked the beginning of her meteoric career. A slim, blue-eyed naval cadet, appearing one day in the ante-chamber of King Frederick VII. of Denmark, pushed a way through the crowd of courtiers to the king and announced that "he" was a girl named Rosalind Thomsen. She revealed her ambition to become an actress and to appear at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. She had donned the cadet's costume, as otherwise she would never have been able to reach the king.

King Frederick interested himself in the girl and helped her to realize her ambition. Her success was instantaneous, carrying her at once to the favor of the public. She made the acquaintance of Bjornsen who wrote a play and love songs for her.

Hans Andersen was another friend of hers. He gave her introductions to Germany, where she won the favor of the Mad King of Bavaria. Then she migrated to Sweden, where another king, Oscar II., became attracted by her. In the early eighties her voice broke and she married a brush manufacturer named Bosse. Penury and failing mental powers darkened her last years.

A NOVEL MAP.

Fascinating Idea For a Map Approved by Mussolini.

The map is to be in relief, but is not to be hung on a wall. It is to be planted in a lake in the garden of a Romanvilla, where the water will represent the Mediterranean.

It is to be such a big map that all the mountains of Italy, from the Alps and the Apennines to Cape Passaro, can be put in, and everything else is to be modelled to scale—rivers, lakes, railways, and cities old and new. Lake Nemi, where the Emperor Caligula's sunken galleys are, will be there, and so will Venice with its canals, and Siena, and Florence, and all the hill towns, and those which glitter in the plain.

So the young Italians will be able to walk round the lake, which is in the grounds of the Villa Umberto, and in a few minutes see what the land they were born in is like and the many reasons it gives them to be proud of it.

Will Seek Lost Babylonian City.

An archeological expedition to search for relics of ancient Babylonian and Assyrian civilization has been organized by the Toledo Museum of Art.

The expedition is directed by Dr. LeRoy Waterman, professor of semitics at the University of Michigan.

Dr. Waterman will attempt to locate a lost city of antiquity, which flourished in this region for a considerable period, and which is referred to many times in literature and ancient documents. The position of the lost city is known approximately.

If the site of the city is identified, it is believed that excavation there will yield a wealth of pottery, tablets, terra cottas, and perhaps architectural and sculptural fragments.

NECKING WITH DEATH

BY ERWIN GREER.
(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

My friend glanced at the crowd of spectators gazing upward at the airplanes overhead, then turned to me with a grin. "Huh," he said, "there will be plenty of sun-burned palates in this crowd tonight."

But I couldn't see the humor in his remark. A girl's life was at stake.

Suddenly someone shouted, "Watch!" for the ship overhead had signaled by wobbling her wings. I turned my binoculars upward.

A tiny figure crept out upon the top wing and stood erect—held that position. The ship dived and slid down hill at a terrific speed preparatory to entering the loop. And then it happened!

Upside down the girl seemed to lose hold and poise upon one foot, like a toe dancer—seemed to dangle helplessly in the air—the 2000 foot fall being inevitable. But Lady Luck and a competent pilot saved the day by bringing the ship out of the half loop and scooping up the girl with the top wing which broke under the impact of her weight. The landing was made safely.

"I'll do it yet!" laughed the girl. "There is really no danger—provided the belt holds." I don't agree with her.

Few of you know or care anything about the finer points of the dare-devil's work. You watch without interest the most skiful handling of an airplane. But let a chute fail to open, a wing crack or a stunter slip and—you have got your money's worth.

"A dare-devil differs from ordinary folk," said the girl to me, "only because he or she has mastered fear—the psychology of fear. Add to that the careful consideration of all the factors in your stunt, top it with supreme confidence in yourself, and you can perform what most people wrongly call prodigious deeds. Anyone can walk fifty feet on a plank that is laid on the ground, but life that plank 100 feet in the air and one must bring reason to bear upon an instinct that doubts the ability to do sinple things.

"My life is not the kind that merits low insurance rates. I haven't the least idea how long I shall be able to continue with this work, and I have no illusions concerning the hazards involved. Eventually an accident will happen, and then—

"I will be a memory!"

MOSCOW NORTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Jackson spent a Sunday recently at Mr. Wellesley Coulter's.

Mr. and Mrs Cecil King and son, Ellwood, spent a Sunday recently at Mr. Jas. Fisher's.

Miss Annie Hamilton spent a week-end recently with her sister, Mrs. Cecil King.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Albertson, Miss Florence, Anna and Harry Knapp spen a Sunday recently at Mrs. Arch Albertson's.

Mrs. Jamieson spent Tuesday in Kingston.

Miss Anna Knapp spent Saturday last at Mrs. Wellington Coulter's.

Mr. Jimmy Pine spent a few days recently at Mr. Elmore Jackson's, Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil King and son, Ellwood, and Mr. and Mrs. Sampson King spent Sunday last at Mrs. Sanford Degroff's.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jackson and Wellington Coulter spent last week-end at their homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vanvolkenburg and son spent Sunday last at Frank McLaren's.

Miss Florence Brown and Mr. Fletcher Clancy and Mr. Ray Campbell were the guests of Miss Verla Brown on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Keech spent last week-end at Mr. D. Keech's.

Mr. Sanford Degroff spent Friday last in Kingston.

Miss Alma Goodberry, Mrs. Dan Goodberry and Mrs. Willie Goodberry spent a week-end recently at Mrs. Sanford Keech's.

Miss Florence Knapp is spending some time at Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff and Master Tommy Triffith spent Sunday last at Mrs. Elmore Jackson's.

Mr. Warney Wagar is spending some time at Mr. Cecil King's.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coulter spent Sunday with Rev. and Mrs. Bunt.

SKELETONS FOR A MUSEUM.

Burial Places In Yucatan Dug Over for Massachusetts Instituti n.

A hundred skeletons and 2,500 records of the size and other physical characteristics of living Maya Indians of Yucatan, brought back to Peabody Museum, at Cambridge, Mass., by Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Williams may give an insight into the kind of people who erected great cities and developed a culture in America long before the coming of Columbus. During an anthropometric survey of the Mexican state of Yucatan, Dr. Williams obtained information on 2,000 adults and 500 children of the descendants of the ancient Maya and also obtained for scientific study the skeletons of 100 present-day Mayas. The expedition, which was in the field for eight months, was under the auspices of the Bureau of International Research of Harvard University and Radcliffe College.

"Lest We Forget."

Containing the names of nearly 50,000 Irishmen who fell in the Great War, a set of eight volumes, beautifully printed on hand-made paper, has been presented to St. Anne's Cathedral, Belfast, by the Committee of the Irish National War Memorial.

Selling Steamship Line.

Owing to heavy losses, the Australian Government has decided to sell the Commonwealth Shipping Line. In 1926 the Line operated at a loss of £595,000.

ODESSA.

The many friends of Mr. Isaac Fraser were sorry to learn that he passed away on Friday, Mar. 2nd, at his late home, after a comparatively short illness. All that loving hands could accomplish was done by his daughters, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. G. W. Lucas. He was a highly respected citizen and had reached his eighty-seventh year. To mourn his loss are two sons, Almond and William, Calgary, and three daughters, Mrs. Henry Allen and Mrs. G. W. Lucas, Odessa, and Mrs. Fred Scott, Montreal, and four grandchildren. Mrs. Freser predeceased him less than five months ago. The funeral was held from his home on Ferguson avenue, Rev. G. McQuade, assisted by Rev. Linstead, officiated. The high esteem in which the deceased was held was clearly manifested in the number of relatives and friends present at the funeral and the beautiful floral offerings. The pallbearers were Thomas Sharpe, H. J. Smith, W. Sharpe, James Boyce, W. S. Holmes and W. E. Topliff. The remains were placed in Morven vault to be interred later in the family plot at Violet cemetery. Among the out of town mourners were his daughter, Mrs. Scott, Montreal, and his grandson, Fraser Allen, Gananoque.

The Yarker Dramatic Club staged their popular play "Among the Breakers," in the Town Hall, on Friday evening, March 2nd, in behalf of the Ladies' Aid Society. The attendance was large and all were delighted with the gifted and talented artists.

Miss Vera Benjamin, who has been spending the past winter in Watertown, has returned to her home.

The Home and School Club, which has been formed recently in connection with the Public School, held an evening meeting in the class rooms on Feb. 28th, and it was very satisfactorily attended.

The W. M. S. meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Amey Snider on Feb. 22nd, with a fair attendance of members and visitors. In the absence of the president, Miss Frankie Asselstine, the vice-president, Miss Lillian Aylsworth, took the chair. After the devotional exercises there were two choice vocal selections by Mrs. James Robson, Morven, and Mrs. H. J. Smith and Mrs. Pearl Storms. Mrs. John Frink, Wilton, who was a delegate for the Presbytery at Picton, gave a very interesting report that was very much appreciated. Delicious refreshments were served by the ladies. Mrs. H. J. Smith invited the auxiliary for their next meeting, March 21st.

SURE, IT'S A CINCH.

Most any man can be an editor. All the editor has to do is to sit at a desk six days a week, four weeks a month, twelve months in a year and edit such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones, of Cactus Creek let a can-opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"Joe Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week, looking for a leak and fell, landing on his back porch."

"While Mr. Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Saturday night, a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green in the public square."

"Mr. Fang, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corn crib."—Exchange.

GIANT ORANG-UTAN.

Dweller of the London Zoo Is a Titan Wonder.

Though the London Zoo has housed its giant new orang-utan (complete with wife and child) in a specially strengthened cage, the officials still find difficulty in believing their own eyes as they look at him. The keeper of the apes must feel like the countryman who started at the hippopotamus and declared that "there's no sich animile."

The father-ape is enormous. His hands are 12 inches long and when his arms are outstretched they span at least 10 feet. (The estimate is that of Dr. G. M. Vevers, superintendent of the Zoological Gardens. Another official makes the orang-utan's stretch to be even greater).

He does not belong to the same species as "Sandy," the orang which lived for twenty-six years in captivity and died recently in the London Zoo. Instead of Sandy's curious fleshy picture frame around the face the newcomer wears a noble beard and moustache. His body is covered with a thicker cloak of fur, and his figure is more shapely and dignified. He has a kind face.

The ape is tame enough to allow a keeper to enter his cage to bring food and to tidy up, but he will not tolerate anyone going near his wife and child. He gave one terrifying glimpse of his anger during his stay in the Manchester Zoo recently, when he thought that his family were in danger, and now no one thinks of going near his belongings.

As soon as tidings of the three orangs reached London Dr. Vevers went north to secure them from the dealer who imported them, with the result that a bargain was struck.

The three animals are in splendid health and revel in the artificial ultra-violet ray sunshine which is provided for them in the experimental ape house. The Zoo never had a more wonderful sight to offer. Recently a scientist, who had spent seven years in Borneo visited the ape and declared he had never seen such an orang—alive or dead.

Women and Their Cheques.

The growing habit of women to have their own bank deposits for dress allowances and the payment of household bills is one of the reasons given for the remarkable increase in the number of cheques passed in Great Britain.

Depths of Great Lakes.

The maximum depth recorded for Lake Superior is 1,088 feet, for Lake Michigan 858 feet, for Lake Huron 802 feet, for Lake Ontario 738 feet, and for Lake Erie 210 feet.

The Deepest Mine.

The Village Deep mine in the Rand gold field, South Africa, is 7,500 feet deep and is considered the deepest mine in the world.

ORIGIN OF AMBER

Embalmed Essence of the Strength of Ancient Coniferous Trees, Says Professor.

Amber is one of the most beautiful non-living things in the world, Prof. J. Arthur Thomson informs readers of John o' London's Weekly in a remarkably fascinating article, entitled "Flies in Amber." Its colors are fascinating, both in the translucent and the cloudy forms. It has a pleasant sheen and texture. Moreover, it has an interesting, elusive fragrance when warmed, strong electrical properties, and great lasting power. And it is not disconcertingly expensive.

Amber is the embalmed essence of the strength of ancient coniferous trees. It is a fossilized resinous secretion, and in a guessing game it would be difficult to decide whether to call it "vegetable" or "mineral." It is commonest on the shores of old Baltic, where it is washed out of old deposits, but it has a widespread occurrence in small quantities and usually in small pieces.

There is not the remotest connection between amber and ambergris, a fragrant secretion of the food-canal of the sperm-whale. Nor is ambergris to be mixed up with spermaceti, which is an oily substance found in cavities of the same whale's skull. The only features that the three things have in common are their commercial value and their origin as by-products of living processes.

The chief scientific interest of amber is not in itself, but as regards the insects and other small creatures for which it has formed a most beautiful tomb. There may be entombed spiders and mites, and other minute animals, besides pieces of leaf and the like, but we wish to say a little about the amber-insects. It gives us a glimpse of scientific patience and carefulness to know that many of the insects enclosed in amber have been fully described. Some of them are not known from any other source, and some are peculiarly interesting in being ancestral to types that are living to-day.

After a stormy night the shore of the Baltic at certain places is sometimes strewn with what might be called "nuggets" of amber. These have been wrenched by the storm out of nests in the so-called "blue earth," which extends outward on the floor of the shallow sea.

This "blue earth" is a deposit consisting largely of the sediments deposited in the sea at the mouth of ancient rivers. Thus the amber did not arise where it is found; it was carried down as masses of resin from coniferous Eocene forests which once stretched over a large part of the great northern plain of Europe.

These primeval forests belonged to the time when grass was beginning to cover the earth, and when grazing animals, like the little ancestors of the horse, were beginning a prosperous career. The archaic mammals were disappearing and modern types were gaining strength. The woods and meadowlands gave shelter and food to many birds and insects. In short, there was a strong pulse of life at the time, when masses of resin used to float down the rivers from the inland forests.

It is not easy to explain how it became compacted and hardened into its jewel-like quality, but there is no doubt as to its origin; and when we admire a necklace of amber-beads with their clear surface, looking so young, and best seen adorning youth, we should remember that they are antiques, millions of years old, far older than mankind. The same is, of course, true of a cigarette-holder or the mouthpiece of a pipe; but that seems to us a somewhat profane use.

NEW TYPE OF GLASSES.

Especially Useful For Auto Drivers at Night.

A new type of dark glasses for outdoor wear at tennis, golf and other sports, and said to be especially useful for auto drivers at night when meeting cars with glaring headlights, has been produced in the optical works of the Zeiss firm at Jena. The basis for the new eye protection consists of two wedge-shaped pieces of glass fused together.

The upper member of the pair is made of a dark, gray-brown glass, while the lower part is clear and uncolored. Goggles made from this material are thus very dark at the top, shading off gradually into clear glass at the lower edge. This arrangement cuts off the glare of the sky, while permitting an unclouded view of the ground. Motorists, encountering glaring headlights, simply duck their heads a little and look through the tops of their goggles until the offending car has passed, when they again make use of their normal vision through the lower parts of the glasses.

Scents That Kill Germs.

Car upholstery can be protected from germs by the scents of common plants such as thyme and geranium.

The odor of cloves kills microbes in thirty-five minutes, while typhoid-fever bacteria are killed by essense of cinnamon in twelve minutes.

For nearly two years upholstery in which quantities of these plants have been mixed has remained germ-proof.

Oat Husks.

Oat husks or hulls, though generally regarded as a waste product, can be utilized in the manufacture of such articles are radio panels, dyes, lacquers, photo-sensitive resins, leather dressings, in the preparation of food preservatives and glue preservatives, for tree wound dressings and in vulcanizing accelerators, in printing processes and for the preservation of biological specimens, according to Dr. C. S. Miner, director of the Miner Laboratories, Chicago. Oat hulls may even be employed in the treatment of seeds as a disinfectant, whereby the farmer may be saved from considerable loss through destructive plant diseases.

Electric Shocks for Crooks.

An electric device resembling a wrist-watch, used by German police for self-defence, is capable of giving an aggressor a shock which renders him helpless for several minutes.

Rainfall In Assam.

The average annual rainfall in Cherra Punji, Assam, is about 460 inches, with a "record" of 900 inches.

WORK OF S. P. C. A.

World Wide In Its Outreach and Activities.

The admirable work done by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is world wide in its outreach and activities and is universally honored and respected. But few know the trouble and vicissitudes which attended its launching over a hundred years ago.

The organization founded by a clergyman, and saved from extinction by a girl of sixteen.

The clergyman was Rev. Arthur Broome, whose heart was stirred at the inhuman way in which animals were treated. Gathering a few sympathetic people around him, he started the society, and two years later was flung into prison for the society's debts!

In those days public opinion with regard to animals was not as it is now. Funds were hard to obtain, the suffering of animals was made the subject of cheap jokes, and even in Parliament members roared at the idea of protecting donkeys and cats from ill-usage. Magistrates declined to enforce "Martin's Act," passed in 1822 for the protection of horses and cattle, and the society's inspectors, engaged in seeing that the Act was the risk of their lives.
obeyed, carried out their duties at

Arthur Broome and his friends struggled bravely for eleven years, and then came the girl who saved the society. She was Princess Victoria—afterwards Queen Victoria.

She became patron, and from that time the society gradually prospered and progressel until it became the powerful institution it is to-day.

Many people regard the society as a "prosecuting" one. That is quite a wrong conception. (Last year 22,272 offenders were cautioned, against 3,407 convicted).

Its policy is as much directed towards the promotion of kindness as to the prevention of cruelty. It has, for instance, organized hundreds of "Bands of Mercy," where children are taught to understand, love, and be kind to animals.

No aspect of animal or bird welfare is left untouched by the society. It holds, and gives prizes at, horses and donkey shows all over the country; it has Fields of Rest where horses in low condition can recuperate at the society's expense, and it encourages poor owners to purchase sound animals on a deferred payment basis.

There is a Cats' Home; poor people's dog licenses are paid, and the society uses its great influence for the adoption of the "humane killer" in slaughter-houses.

It was successful in getting the Protection of Birds Act passed in 1925, making illegal the cruel practices of liming, bracing, and confining in small cages.

The society awards medals in cases of bravery in animal life-saving, and the latest report contains many pages giving instances of heroism.

At markets, fairs, stations—everywhere—the society's inspectors do their work, advising, cautioning, and in very bad cases, if headquarters approve, prosecuting. A fine work, and well done.

Typewriters as Boudoir Art Objects.

Portable typewriters in art shades of "mountain-ash scarlet, panelled in crystalline rose-gold," and various other color schemes to match boudoirs are the latest novelty in the west end. Women to-day have so much writing to do that they have taken to the typewriter to lighten burdens. Since this utilitarian, rather than decorative article of furniture is not best suited to the boudoir, it must be disguised as an art object.

Other machines are in lavender and channel blue; cream with contrasting panels in black; jade green with gold stenciling and there is also one covered in a crimson-lake toned leather. Mauve, green, purple and red ribbons are provided by the manufacturers, who have attempted to give Mayfair hostesses' letters an added charm to compensate recipients for being robbed of pen-written notes.

Still Enjoy Dreamy Waltz.

London's first jazzless cabaret has made a hit. The Charleston, too, has been barred at the same place.

Percy Athos, manager of the New Princes cabaret, says the first week after he did away with jazz and reverted to waltz melodies as the basis of his chorus numbers and dances he did the best business in years.

In addition, Mr. Athos says he has received letters from all over the country congratulating him on his stand, and his forethought in putting into effect in London's night life an innovation which some of the "old timers" have been longing for for years.

Our Feldspar.

Previous to 1921 Ontario furnished practically the entire output of Canadian feldspar, but in that year development work proved several large bodies of exceptionally good spar in Buckingham district, Quebec, where one quarry alone produces over 10,000 tons annually.

A Giant Ancestor.

The skeleton of a man of the ice age has been unearthed in the Ural Mountains. The possessor of the skeleton is stated to have been six feet eleven inches in height, and though many moderns have far surpassed him in stature he would appear to be a credit to his race in the matter of physical development. Curiously enough, the tallest man of whom there is any authentic record was one of our own time. Doubtless many readers remember the Russian giant, Machnow, who exhibited himself in 1905. He was the child of ordinary parents, and he had brothers and sisters who were of normal stature. His height was nine feet eight inches and his foot was exactly two feet long, while his weight was 448 pounds.

Eggs In Britain.

Great Britain consumes 5,700,000,000 eggs a year.

To Study Children's Ills.

An anonymous philanthropist has promised the University of California $5,000 a year for the rest of his life to be used in studying the prevention of children's diseases.

The Fool's Speed.

A fool can do more damage in a minute than a wise man can undo in six months.

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,
Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY.

A story of the winning of the west; of the ways and wiles of the savage Sioux; of brave soldiers and daring frontiersmen; of a stubborn hate coming down from the civil war; of love tender, brave and true. A story with a group of heroes—a tender fledgeling from West Point; a storekeeper with good nerve and a big heart; an old evangelist who dares all perils for the love of God and man; a young girl with courage ample for hardship, danger and renunciation of more than life; an Uncapapa chieftain, degraded to wear the garb of a squaw and herd with the dogs, who shall seek to earn again the plumes of a warrior. Two animals, even, a young bull and a thoroughbred mare, shall play daring parts of no mean importance. He who reads shall know that a tale of Dakota of thirty years ago may kindle and inspire as much as any story of times remote; that the days of romance are near, not far off. The narrative begins quietly and rises steadily in interest to a climax as absorbing and inspiring as has been presented in any novel or drama, old or new.

WRIGLEY'S
Add to the joy of the open road—this pleasure-giving refreshment.
A sugar-coated gum that affords double value. Peppermint flavor in the sugar coating and peppermint flavored gum inside.
WRIGLEY'S P.K.
SUGAR COATED GUM
Between Smokes
CI 9

CHAPTER I.

THE coulee was a long scarlet gash in the brown level of the Dakota prairie, for the sumach, dyed by the frosts of the early autumn, covered its sides like a cloth whose upper folds were thrown far over the brinks of the winding ravine and, southward, half way to the new cottonwood shack of the Lancasters. Near it, a dark band against the flaming shrub, stretched the plowed strip, narrow, but widening with each slow circuit of the team as the virgin grass grown land was turned by the mold board to prepare for the corn planting of the coming spring.

The sun, just risen, shone coldly upon the plain, and a wind, bearing with a hint of raw weather and whirling snow, swept down the Missouri valley from the north, marshaling its front hosts of gabbling ducks and honking geese that were taking noisy flight from a region soon to be buried and already bleak. Yet, with all the chill in the air, Ben and Betty, the mules, steamed as they toiled to and fro and lolled out their tongues with the warmth of their work and the effort of keeping straight in the furrow, and Dallas, following in their wake with the reins about her shoulders and the horns of the plow in a steadying grasp, took off her slouch hat at the turnings to bare her damp forehead, drew the sleeve of her close fitting jersey across her face every few moments, and at last, to aid her in making better progress, as well as to cool her ankles, brought the bottom of her skirt through the waistband front and back and walked in her red flannel petticoat. As she traveled she looked skyward occasionally with a troubled face and, resting but seldom, urged the team forward. Clear weather and sunshine would not long continue, and the first field on the claim must be turned up and well harrowed before the opening of winter.

"Come, Ben, come," she called coaxingly to the nigh mule. "If you don't dig in now, how d' you expect to have anything to eat next winter? Betty, Betty, don't let Ben do it all; I'm talking to you too. Come along, come along."

Ben and Betty, lean and gray with age, bent willingly to their labor at the sound of her voice. Their harnesses creaked a monotonous complaint with their renewed efforts; the colter came whining behind them. As Dallas gently slapped the lines along their backs now and then to emphasize her command clouds of dust which had been gathered as mud in the buffalo wallow where they went each evening to roll ascended and were blown away. Faithfully they pulled, not even lifting an eyelid or flapping an ear in protest when Simon, the stray yearling bull that had adopted the claim as its home and tagged Dallas everywhere, bellowed about their straining legs or loitered at their very noses and impeded their way.

Plowing was strange work to the patient mules and to the girl who was guiding them. To her the level prairie, rank with goldenrod, pink flowered smartweed and purple aster, was a land of wondrous growth. For twenty years her home had been an arid mesa far to the south, where her father captained the caretakers of a spur railroad track. The most western station house in Texas, standing amid thorny mesquite, was her birthplace and that of her sister Marylyn. The gray plateau across which the embankment led was their playground. There they grew to womanhood under the careful guidance of their frail northern born mother.

And then two casualties, coming close upon each other, had suddenly changed their life. Their father was brought home one night so maimed and crushed by the wheels of a flat car that he could never hope to take up his work again, and while he lay, bandaged and broken, fighting to keep the soul in his crippled body, their mother bravely yielded her life to a lingering illness.

Many months later, when Evan Lancaster's wounds were at last healed, Ben and Betty were unhitched from a dirt laden scraper on the siding and put before a white topped prairie schooner. Then the old section boss, with his crutches beside him and his daughters seated in the all but empty box behind, said a husky farewell to the men crowding around the wagon and started the mules along the road that led northward beside the rails.

He gave no backward glance at the wind battered house where he had brought an ailing bride. Instead, eager to leave that plain of flying sand and scanty grasses, he drove the team rapidly forward, bound for a country where there were wells and not water cars, where rain fell oftener and where food, both for man and beast, could be got easily from the earth. But Dallas, seated in the schooner's bed, her weeping sister held soothingly against her breast, watched, dry eyed, as a mound by a giant mesquite faded slowly from her sight and saw her girlhood's home give way, as a lighthouse sinks behind a speeding vessel, until only its gray, sprinkled roof showed through the scattered trees. Then, after pillowing Marylyn's head on a Navajo blanket beside the swashing water cask, she climbed forward to the driver's seat and took the reins from her father.

It was April, and when the mesa was left far to rearward a world almost forgotten by the crippled section boss burst in new, green loveliness upon his desert children. Towering pines and spreading oaks, lush grass strewn with blossoms, clear running streams and gay feathered birds replaced thirsty vegetation, salt lakes and hovering vultures. They traveled slowly, each day bringing some fresh delight to ear and eye, until one evening in the waning Dakota summer they camped beside a great crooked split in the prairie, on a flat peninsula made by a sweeping westward bend of the muddy Missouri.

Across the river from their stopping place, where an amber sun was going down, the horizon was near. High bluffs, like a huge windbreak, stood upon the plain, leaving at their feet only enough space for the whitewashed frame buildings of Fort Brannon. But to the east the paralleling bluffs lay at a distance and broke their ridgeback far up the scarlet coulee; from where, southward, stretched a wide gap—ten broad and gently undulating miles—that ended at the slough studed base of Medicine mountain. Even Lancaster, as he stood bareheaded under the unclouded sky, looked about him upon acres heavy with tangled grass and weeds, and pleased with the evident richness of the untouched ground and with the sheltered situation of the claim on the bend, swore that the white topped schooner, with its travel stained crew of three, had found on the yellow billows of that northern prairie its permanent moorings at last.

The felling and hewing of cottonwoods for the shack had occupied the first few weeks that followed, citizen carpenters from Brannon doing the heavy cutting and lifting. But when the little house stood, its square log room and dirt floor open to the sun, Dallas performed her part of the building, and thatched the hip roof with coarse grass from a meadow. Next, the well was dug, and the barn built as a lean-to, for the Lancasters knew little, but had heard much, about the blizzards of the territory. Then, while the elder girl covered the slanting rafters over Ben and Betty's stalls, the section boss hauled a scanty stock of hay and provisions from Clark's, a cattle camp and settlement to the northeast. And finally, when shack and barn were alike done, Dallas put the mules to the end of an oak beam and took up the task of plowing.

Now she was winding at a black mat that was gradually growing upon the brown carpet of the prairie. Up and down she walked, her whiplash trailing behind her like a lively snake, her hands striving to guide the cleaving share she followed, a look of deep content, despite all fear for bad weather, upon her sun browned face.

But while working the morning hours slowly away she gave full attention to the nodding mules and the young bull straggling at their head, she did not stop to watch the flocks winging by above her or to look off to where the plains fell away from the pale azure line of the sky, so she failed to see, at the middle of the long forenoon, a group of dark figures that came into sight to the eastward and moved slowly forward in the direction of the bend.

Toward noon, however, the furrows were turned less regularly. Ben and Betty were so tired that they no longer drew evenly, but wavered from side to side. Again and again the off mule jerked the share out of the sod. Each time Dallas patiently circled the team and steered it back into place again, for her arms were not strong enough to swing the plow on the whiffletrees. And each time Simon caught sight of her red flannel petticoat, and faint, half awakened objections stirring beneath his sprouting horns came back to challenge the goading color and butt her crossly in the skirts.

Just before dinner time and halfway of the plowed strip, going east, Dallas suddenly lifted her shoulders to tighten the slack of the reins, let go the horns and brought the mules to a stand, and then as they halted with lowered heads she caught sight of the distant figures between her and the horizon, recognizing them as men, mounted and on foot, with wagons hanging at their rear.

She stepped to the head of the team and shaded her eyes for a moment. As she did so a part of the advancing body detached itself and approached more swiftly, only to retreat again, and the sun, climbing toward the center of the sky, flashed back upon bright objects carried at the front of the group.

"Soldiers for Brannon, I reckon," she said aloud to Simon, who had given over his butting and was thoughtfully sniffing the air. "Still," she added, "they're coming slow for soldiers."

Simon rubbed a red shoulder against her arm confidingly and gave a defiant sideways toss of the head.

"You know, don't you?" Dallas said, scratching the star in his curly forehead. "Well, I would, too, if I had your nose." She glanced at the mules and noted their lack of fright. "They're not Indians anyhow," she went on, "so I guess we'll do some more plowing."

When the sun was so high that Simon's shadow made but a small splotch upon the ground under him, Dallas again stopped to look toward the east. The men and horses had traveled only a short distance and were halted for their noon rest. Close to the wagons the smoke of burning grass twists was curling up from under the midday meal.

"They ain't soldiers," she said decisively. "If they was they'd go on to the ferry. And what can they be, headed this way?" She took off her hat and swung it at her father to attract his attention, then pointed toward the men and teams.

Lancaster was sitting before the shack, his crutches across his knees. Seeing her signal, he got up and hobbled hastily around the corner, from where he blinked into the gap. And, unable to make out anything but a blurred collection of moving things, he called Marylyn from her dinner getting.

"Come an' see w'at y' c'n make out off thar on th' prairie, Mar'lyn!" he cried. "Ef it's antelope, bring out th' Sharps."

Marylyn hurried to him and followed the direction of his gaze. "Why, it's men, pa," she said.

"Certainly, it's men," he agreed pettishly, "but w'at kin' o' men? That's w'at Ah kain't see."

Marylyn shook her head. Then, as she bent her look inquiringly toward the far away camp, a horseman suddenly left it and started on a gallop toward them. "One's coming this way fast!" she exclaimed and rushed back into the shack for her bonnet.

Lancaster and his younger daughter commented excitedly as the rider approached. One troop of cavalry had remained at Brannon throughout the summer to give protection to the wives and children of officers and enlisted men. The remaining troops belonging at the fort were away on Indian service. They were to return soon, and the section boss believed he saw in the nearing traveler the herald of the home coming force. Marylyn, however, was just as certain that Indians were about to surround them and hastily brought out the gun, but Dallas wasted no time in conjectures. She touched up Ben and Betty and finished her round of the plowed land. Not till the stranger was close did she stop at the eastern end of the field and wait, leaning on the cross bar.

He came forward in a sharp canter, keeping a regular tap upon the flanks of his mount with the end of a lariat. His careless seat in the saddle and the fact that he wore no spurs told Dallas that he was not a trooper, though across the lessening distance now between them his dress of blue shirt, dark breeches and high boots, crowned by a wide, soft hat, was not unlike a campaign uniform. At his approach Ben and Betty became lazily interested and raised their long ears to the front. Simon advanced a little and took a determined stand beside Dallas, who hung her lines on the plow handles and prepared to greet the horseman.

The instant he reached her he halted abruptly beside the mules and bared his head. "Good morning," he said, with cheery politeness, but his swift glance over team, plow and girl showed a surprise that was almost pity.

She saw his look, and the color swept up under the tan of her face. "How d' y' do?" she answered.

"I'm John Lounsbury from Clark's," he began. "I've been supplying that crowd back there with feed and grub for a couple of weeks." He nodded toward the distant men and horses. "May I ask—I—I didn't know any women folks had settled"—

She faced him squarely for a moment, and he met her eyes. They were gray, with tawny flecks, wide open, clear and comprehending. "My father's Evan Lancaster," she explained.

"Lancaster—oh, he's traded at my store."

"That's him over there with Marylyn."

Lounsbury turned in his saddle and looked toward the shack. "Marylyn?" he said. "What a pretty name! Sounds like Maryland. How'd she"— He paused questioningly.

"Mother's name was Mary Lynn," she answered, her voice lowered. "So she just put it together."

"And yours?"

"Mine's Dallas. I was born in Texas."

He leaned back against his high cantle and smiled. "I could 'a' guessed that," he declared.

Again she colored sensitively and hastened to swing the team around until Betty stood in the furrow. "My father's coming," she said.

Instantly Lounsbury was all regret, for he saw that she had misunderstood him. "You don't look Texas," he said earnestly. "It's just the name. And—and I think Dallas is pretty too."

CARRIED WIFE TO BED

Suffered So She Could Not Walk. Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Minesing, Ontario.—"I am a practical nurse and I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to suffering women. For three months I was almost helpless and could not sit at the table long enough to drink a cup of tea. Many a time my husband carried me to bed, I would be so weak. Then he read in the paper of a woman suffering as I did who got better after taking the Vegetable Compound, so he went and got it for me. When I had taken three bottles I was just like a new woman and have had splendid health ever since. When I feel any bearing-down pains I always take it; sometimes a half bottle or whatever I need. It is my only medicine and I have told many a one about it. Any one wanting to know more about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I will gladly write to her. I do all I can to recommend it for I feel I owe my life and strength to it." — Mrs. NEAL BOWSER, R.R. 1, Minesing, Ontario.

Do you feel broken-down, nervous, and weak sometimes? Do you have this horrid feeling of fear which sometimes comes to women when they are not well? Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is excellent to take at such a time. It always helps, and if taken regularly and persistently will relieve this condition. C

The implied jest on her native state did not do away with her displeasure. She nodded gravely and, turning, put the lines about her shoulders. The mules started.

"Now I've got you down on me," he said penitently. "Honest, I didn't mean"—

She paid no heed.

He clapped on his hat, whipped his horse and followed alongside, waiting for her to look up. Opposite the shack Lancaster and his other daughter were standing by the furrow. Here she drew rein. "This is Marylyn," she said as the storekeeper leaned to grasp her father's hand.

Lounsbury again lifted his hat and looked down, long and admiringly, upon the younger girl. Her fair hair, framing in soft waves a pale, oval face and her blue eyes watching him in some confusion, were strongly in contrast with the straight, heavy braids—brown, and showing burnished tints in the light—and the unwavering eyes of her sister. Looking at her, he was reminded of girls he had seen beyond the Alleghanies—girls who knew little or no toil and who jealously guarded their beauty from sun and wind. Answering Lancaster's blunt



"I'm John Lounsbury from Clark's."

questions that followed close upon each other he paid her prettiness constant and wondering homage, and she, noting the attention, retreated a little and was quiet and abashed.

"Who's you' party?" the elder man demanded, indicating the distant camp with one crutch and leaning heavily upon the other.

"Surveyors," replied Lounsbury.

"Surveyors!" There was alarm in Lancaster's tone. He suddenly recalled how, slighting Dallas' advice, he had delayed a trip to the land office for the purpose of filing on the claim. "W'at they doin'?"

"Something right in your line, sir. They're laying out a railroad."

"A railroad? You don' say! How'll it come?"

"Why, right this way."

Lancaster caught the other by the boot strap. "Shore?" he asked.

"Sure," repeated Lounsbury. "Sure as death and taxes. It's bound to run somewhere between the coulee and Medicine mountain, and it'll stop—at least for a few years—at the Missouri. With those sloughs in the way at the south end of the gap, it can't reach the river without coming over your land. First thing you know, you'll have stores and saloons around your house. There's going to be a town on the bend, sir."

The elder man scanned the younger's face. Lounsbury was smiling half teasingly, yet undoubtedly he was in earnest.

"W'y, Lawd!" breathed the section boss, realizing the whole import of the news. A railroad would mean immeasurable good fortune to the trio of settlers who, like young prairie chickens that fear to leave the side of their mother, had chosen quarter sections near the guarding fort. And to him, penniless, with motherless girls, it meant—

"The ferrying 's so good right here," went on the storekeeper. "Why, it's a 10 to 1 shot the track 'll end on your claim."

With one accord all looked across the level quarter, where the new green was creeping in after the late rains.

"A railroad! An' a town!" The section boss pulled at his grizzled goatee. "They'll make this piece worth a heap!"

"They will," agreed Lounsbury. "But road or no road, seems to me you've got about the cream of this side of the river."

"You' right," said Lancaster. But the girls were silent, except that Dallas gave a sigh deep and full of happiness.

Lounsbury glanced at her. "You like the place, don't you," he asked, "even if"— He suddenly paused. Her palms were open and half turned upward. Across each lay a crimson stripe—the mark of the plow handle.

For the second time she read his meaning. "Yes, I like the prairie," she answered, "if I do have to plow." And she stepped from the furrow to the unturned sod.

As she stood there Lounsbury caught the clear outline of her firmly drawn face. Beside her Marylyn, slight and colorless, was for the moment eclipsed. The hat of the elder girl was brushed back, displaying a forehead upon which shone the very spirit of the unshackled. Her hands, large, yet not too large for the splendid figure of which they were the instruments, were clasped upon her breast. Watching her, it seemed to Lounsbury that she must have sprung as she was from the plains one day—grave, full grown and gallant.

Her father's voice broke in harshly. "Ah didn' want she should plow," he protested. "Ah figgered t' git some one on tick, but seems like Dallas she"—

"We like it here," she interrupted, "because the air is cool and there's lots of grass." Then, after bending to gather a purple flower, she stepped back to the plow.

"You're planning to stay, then," said Lounsbury.

"Stay!" burst forth the section boss. "Don' it look like it?"

Lounsbury made no reply, only smiled genially.

"Maybe y' reckon we-all ain't safe?" continued Lancaster. "Waal, th' nesters roun' Fort Sully's safe 'nough."

The storekeeper pointed across the river to where a flag was flying at the center of the post quadrangle. "You're in sight of that," he said simply.

The other snorted. Then, stifling a retort, he searched Lounsbury's face with his milky blue eyes. "Ah'd like t' ast w'y y' didn' tell me 'bout th' track when Ah seen y' las'," he observed suspiciously.

The storekeeper gave a hearty laugh. "And why didn't you say you had daughters?" he demanded.

Instantly a change came over the elder man. He darkened angrily. His breath shortened as if he had been running. Visible trembling seized him, body and limbs.

Mystified, Lounsbury turned to Dallas and saw that her eyes were fastened upon her father imploringly. "No, no, dad," he heard her whisper; "no, no."

The storekeeper hastened to speak. "Joking aside," he said, "the reason is this: The railroad company wants the right kind of people to settle on the land along the survey. It doesn't want men who'd file just to get a price, so the story hasn't leaked much."

Lancaster was fumbling at his crutches. "Ah see; Ah see," he said sulkily. Then, with an attempt at being courteous: "[illegible] up t' th' shack, Lounsb'ry. Y' brung good news. Y' got t' hev you' dinner."

"I ate back there," said Lounsbury, dismounting, "but I'll stop off for awhile just the same." As he slipped the reins over his horse's head Marylyn remembered the meal she had abandoned and started homeward. The storekeeper, leading his mount, strode away beside her.

Dallas clucked to the mules.

"Ain't you comin'?" called her father. "W'y, my gal, you worked 'nough this mornin'."

"I'll keep at it just a little longer," she answered.

"We don' hear ev'ry day thet we live on a town site with a railroad a-comin'," Lancaster said, following her a few steps. "Better come."

Dallas did not reply. When she was some rods farther on her father called to her again.

"Come, Dallas," he urged, "an' stop plowin' up th' streets."

She shook her head, slapped the reins along Ben and Betty's dusty backs and leaned guidingly on the handles of the plow. And as she traveled slowly riverward Simon trotted close behind, tossing his stubby horns at the red of her underskirt and bawling wearily.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE Dallas reached the end of her furrow she knew that for at least some days to come her work on the plowed strip must cease. Far and wide frontiersmen may have heard of the railroad's coming, and their first move would be, perhaps had been, a rush to the land office to file upon quarter sections touching the survey. And so no hour dared be wasted before her father started on his long deferred trip. The claim on the peninsula—the claim which the storekeeper had named as the terminus of the proposed line, as the probable site for a new town—must at once be legally theirs.

When the mules were turned eastward again Dallas brought them up for a breathing spell and, going apart a little distance, sat down, her knees between her hands. A short space of time had made incredible changes in their plans, in the possibilities of their prairie home. Before the cutting of the last two sods there had stretched ahead only a succession of uneventful years whose milestones would be the growing record of beeves and bushels, but now—she could not have credited her senses had it not been for a glimpse of Lounsbury's horse industriously cropping beside the lean-to.

She looked across at the shack, squatting on a gentle rise at the center of the claim as if it had fled there for refuge out of the grassy sea whose dry waves lapped up to its very door. Its two small windows looking riverward, the narrow door of warped lumber between and the shock roof of meadow grass held down by stones gave it the appearance of a grotesque human head that was peering from out the plain. As Dallas for the first time noted the curious resemblance the shack seemed to smile back at her—a wise, reassuring smile.

A moment later the north wind hooded the sky with clouds, putting the bend in gloom. She got to her feet and hastened toward the plow. So brief had been her meeting with the storekeeper that immediately following it his features had escaped her. Now she recalled them and thought that she recalled that when he had accosted her they had worn a mocking expression. What if her father in his sudden excitement and concern should tell Lounsbury that the claim was not yet filed upon; should confide in this stranger, who might then take advantage of the ignorance, age and crippled condition of the section boss! Hurriedly she unhitched Ben and Betty, hung their bridles on the hames and turned the team loose to graze. Then she started homeward with Simon close upon her heels, and as she crossed the cloud darkened claim she glanced again at the shack. Its windows were in shadow, its door almost obscured. There was a smirk on its twisted face.

But when, entering the house, she met Lounsbury's kind, level look the distrust she had felt unconsciously vanished.

He was seated astride a bench to the left of the fireplace, his hat flung down in front of him, his shoulders against the wall, his booted legs thrust out restfully across the floor. Dallas, seeing him out of the saddle for the first time, was struck by his splendid length, next by his heaviness—a round but muscular heaviness that she had never noted in a Texan. Leaning back with folded arms, he showed, however, despite his weight and rotundity, the pliance and the litheness of the westerner. His hair was dark and thick and worn in a careless part, his throat was bronzed above the lacings of his shirt, his face clean shaven, somewhat square, yet full, and set with blue eyes that showed an abiding glint of merriment.

If Dallas as she crossed the sill formed with the swift keenness of the plainswoman a new and truer estimate of Lounsbury, he, saluting cordially, failed not to measure her. The dirt floored shack, partitioned by Navajo blankets and furnished with unplaned benches, was a background totally unsuited to Marylyn's delicate beauty, but for the elder daughter of the section boss its very rude simplicity seemed strangely fine and fitting.

Many women had come under the storekeeper's notice during his frontier life—roughly reared women of pure ways who toiled and bore with the patience of beasts, shy women of the army, matching in dress and habits those he had known as a boy, and last of all the kind that always follows in the track of soldier, scout and gambler. Yet never before on the sundown side of the Mississippi had he seen one who possessed along with the reserve a lonely bringing up entails the dignity and poise that are counted the fruits of civilization.

"It's good blood," he said to himself, "and"—with a glance at the section boss—"it's from the mother's side."

Lancaster at that moment was truly anything but a picture of repose. His season of delight over the morning's news had been brief and was now succeeded by thorough disquiet. He hobbled to and fro from the hearth, where hung a pail of fragrant coffee, to the farther front window. Lounsbury remarked his evident worry and, not understanding it, bent down inquiringly toward Marylyn.

She was seated on a buffalo robe before the fire zealously tending the coffee. As she felt the storekeeper's look upon her she glanced up, and, meeting his eyes, something other than the firelight swept her throat, neck and brow with crimson touch.

"There's no fretting in that quarter," was Lounsbury's mental comment. He turned on the bench to face Dallas.

She was standing quietly beside the warped door, her arms hanging tensely at her side, her chin up, her eyes gazing straight at him, and in them as well as in her whole attitude Lounsbury read determination and anxiety.

"What's the matter, I wonder," he thought. He leaned toward her, resting an elbow on the bench. "You're getting ready for spring seeding, Miss Lancaster," he said.

"Yes."

The section boss giggled nervously.

(Continued on page 7)

FOR Lumbago



BAYER
ASPIRIN
Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for
Lumbago Colds Neuritis Neuralgia
Headache Pain Toothache Rheumatism
DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART
Safe
Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS
E. J. POLLARD,
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY
All local reading notices or notices announcing entertainments at which a fee is charged for admission, will be charged 8c. per line for insertion, if in ordinary type. In black type the price will be 10c. per line each insertion.

E. & J. HARDY & CO.
Advertising Contractors and News Correspondents
Fleet St., London, E.C., England.

A file of this paper can be seen free of charge by visitors to London, to whom advice gratis will be given, if required.

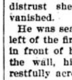
U. M. WILSON,
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public Crown Attorney, Clerk of the Peace.
Phones—Office 46, Residence 125
Office—Dundas St., NAPANEE

W. G. WILSON,
Barrister
Solicitor, Notary Public, Conveyancer, Etc.
P. O. Box 620. Telephone No. 83
OFFICE—North Side Dundas St., Napanee, Ont.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE
Barristers, Etc.
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOW RATE
Office—Warner Block, Opposite Post Office.

T. B. GERMAN
Barrister and Solicitor
MONEY TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES
OFFICE: Grange Block, 60 John Street, Napanee
26m

Cook's Regulating Compound



A safe, reliable regulating medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, $1; No. 2, $3; No. 3, $5 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT. (Formerly Windsor)
23-1-y

We Have the Best Grades of
RED AND WHITE CEDAR SHINGLES
Always in Stock
The Most Lasting Roof.
Robert Light
Lumber and Millwork
Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

New Buildings for Jasper Park Lodge



Because approximately 10,000 people were accommodated at Jasper Park Lodge during the season of 1927, to say nothing of another 500 or so who were unable to secure accommodations at the time they desired to visit Canada's largest and finest National Park, it has become necessary to increase the accommodation at the Lodge, and four new buildings will be constructed between now and the opening of the 1928 season.

The popularity of Jasper National Park has grown tremendously since the charms of this magnificent natural playground have become better known. To provide accommodation for those who desired to visit this wonderland, the Canadian National Railways built and operate Jasper Park Lodge on the shore of beautiful Lac Beauvert, where the visitor finds every comfort of the modern city hotel awaiting him in surroundings of natural grandeur. With the additions being made this year to the buildings of Jasper Park Lodge, there will be accommodation for approximately 500 guests, and at the same time, additions to outlying camps are being made which will increase the facilities for caring for the ever-increasing number of people who seize the opportunities afforded of enjoying trail trips to distant beauty spots in the Park.

Announcement is made by Walter Pratt, General Manager and A. S. McLean, General Superintendent of Hotels, that this year the Lodge buildings will be increased by one 16-room cabin; one 10-room cabin and by a special building which will care for parties who go to the Lodge, taking with them their staff of servants, and desiring accommodation of a special class.

In addition to these, a golf club house is being constructed which will provide necessary accommodation for the growing number of people who play over this, Canada's finest scenic golf course.

Outlying accommodation which is being provided or increased, includes additional accommodation at Maligne Lake camp, permanent buildings at Medicine Lake and Shovel Pass camps on the Maligne Lake trail, and a base camp on the Mount Robson-Berg Lake trail which will be reached either from Mount Robson station on the Vancouver line, or Emperor station on the Prince Rupert line. There will also be a permanent camp at Kinney Lake on the Berg Lake trail, so that parties journeying in from the railway to Berg Lake may break their journey there if they desire.

Logs and other material for these buildings are on the ground, the logs having been hauled down from the mountains for that purpose during the present winter, and the buildings will be ready for occupation when Jasper Park Lodge opens on May 21.

The golf club house (shown above) which is to be constructed, adjacent to the first tee of the splendid 18-hole golf course at Jasper Park Lodge has been found necessary for the comfort and convenience of the thousands of golfers who play over this course during a season. While none of the cabins of Jasper Park Lodge are very far removed from the golf course, it was considered advisable to have a club house, set aside for the golfers and equipped with lockers, showers and dressing rooms, lounge and verandahs where the golfers could make themselves comfortable, either while awaiting their turn to play off or between their rounds. The new club house building, which will be 100 x 80 feet, includes all of the facilities necessary for the comfort and convenience of those who will make use of it. From its wide verandahs there will be a clear view of the first and eighteenth fairways. Entering from the verandah, the golfer will step into a hall, from which a door leads off to the spacious lounge room with its open fireplace. This room will be comfortably furnished with chairs, tables and settees in keeping with the purpose for which it is designed. The plans show a well-lighted, comfortable room which will have everything necessary for the comfort and convenience of men and women golfers.

During the season of 1927, approximately 9,000 rounds of golf were played over the Jasper course by 7,500 players, which was an increase of 2,500 players over the 1926 total.

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,
Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Company.

(Continued from page 6)

"Ef th' town was right here it wouldn' make no difference t' Dallas. Ah'll bet she'll spen' th' winter shellin' cawn fer plantin' an' pickin' cockle outen th' wheat." He fell to tugging at his goatee.

Again there was silence. Then, with a deep breath, Dallas straightened to speak. It was borne to her of a sudden that they were in need of one in whom they might confide, of one from whom good advice might come. She felt impelled to tell this stalwart young man, whose eyes read kindness and whose face read right, who seemed to bear them nothing but good will, that they had not filed the claim and then—

The fire crackled cozily, the blackened pail steamed from the crossp iece. Lounsbury spread out his hands before the blaze. "I wish I lived on a quarter, like you folks," he said. "I hate the dickering in a store. Been at it ten years. Was in the fur business at first—bought from the Indians and the skin hunters up and down. Well, the country got into my blood. You get the west, you know, and it's the only disease out here that you can't shake. So I've stayed, and I guess I'll keep a-staying. But sometimes I get a notion to throw my stores up and go into the cow business or farming."

Dallas sank back, checked not by Lounsbury's words, but by her father. The section boss, one hand behind a hairy ear, was glowering at the storekeeper. "Eh, what?" he asked suspiciously.

"I say I've a notion to take up some land," repeated Lounsbury. "Right east of you wouldn't be a bad idea. The sod's wonderful hereabouts—no stumps, no stones, and the loam's thick. Look in the coulee—you can see there how far it is to the clay. That's why she wore down so deep"—

"Thet arroyo?"

"Yes. I believe I'll just pick out a quarter near it. Could plant a store anyway when the track comes."

"Yas, certainly," said Lancaster. He passed Dallas, giving her a helpless, apprehensive stare. "But, shucks, Ah wouldn' be in such a tarnel hurry ef Ah was you. Spring's plenty o' time."

Lounsbury swung round sharply. "Spring!" he exclaimed in amazement. "I hope that hasn't been your plan, sir. A man can't file too soon."

Dallas leaned toward Lounsbury again, and her lips parted. But a quick, peremptory gesture from her father interrupted. "Mar'lyn," he cried, his eyes warning the elder girl, "look out fer thet coffee. It's a-bilin' over."

And Dallas saw that her father did not trust the storekeeper—perhaps feared him—and that he did not wish his own neglect to be known.

But a hint of the state of affairs at the shack had already entered Lounsbury's mind. As Marylyn rose to pour the coffee he quickly changed the subject. "Fort 's a quiet place these days," he observed, accepting a cup. "Wonder when the troops 'll be back."

The section boss sipped at his saucer. "Ah don' carry on no dealin's with Yankee soldier trash," he answered curtly. "They keep they side o' th' river, an' we-all keep ourn."

Lounsbury laughed. "Well," he said, "you'll find when the redskins get nasty that the army blue looks pretty good."

The other shrugged.

The storekeeper tapped the holster hanging upon a thigh. "I carry a popgun regular." He set down the cup, pulled at his boot legs and arose.

"Ah reckon Ah c'n hol' my own, suh." Lancaster's pride was touched.

"No doubt of it," assured the younger man, preparing to go. "I hope," he continued, "that you'll call on me at any time—if you need more provisions, say."



"A man can't file too soon."

Lancaster did not misunderstand the offer of credit. "Thank y'," he replied stiffly, "but we certainly got 'nough t' las' through."

Lounsbury remembered how small, compared with the orders of other wintering settlers, was the Lancaster stock, and thought, too, how likely it was that every passerby would be fed with true southern hospitality, thus diminishing the supply. But he refrained from making any further suggestion. He bade the family goodby, lingering a little at parting beside the younger girl.

"Miss Marylyn," he said, "before another winter you'll be the belle of the town of Lancaster."

She put her hand in his bashfully.

"And Miss Dallas?" His voice entreated a little.

"I hope you'll be the biggest storekeeper," she said.

To Lounsbury's surprise, he saw a trace of fun lurking in her eye. "Ah, you've forgiven me!" he declared triumphantly.

But she made no answer as she turned away.

The next moment he was galloping toward the coulee crossing.

Marylyn watched him go. When, having disappeared into the ravine, he came into sight again on the farther side he turned in his saddle and saw her. He took off his hat and waved it. She answered with a farewell signal and stood, looking after him, until distance dwarfed horse and rider to a dot.

On the storekeeper's departure the shack became a scene of action. Lancaster gave over walking the floor and collected bedding for a journey. Marylyn was called in to prepare a box of food for her father—potatoes from the coals of the fireplace, cured pig meat from the souse barrel, bread and a jug of coffee—while Dallas caught the mules, gave them some grain and a rubbing down with straw wisps and greased the wagon wheels. All being made ready, the section boss took leave of his daughters, urging them to keep within the next day when the surveyors came up and to deny his going. Then with Ben and Betty at a smart trot he set off for Bismarck and the land office.

When he was gone the squat shack in the bend became vigilant. Ceaselessly its eyes covered the stretch of road between ferry landing and coulee—ceaselessly, though Dallas alone kept watch for wayfarers. Not until night fell and the cloud masked moon disappeared behind the western bluffs were small blankets pinned into place across the windows and the peering shock head made sightless.

But even with the house darkened, the early supper eaten and Marylyn asleep in her bed before the hearth the elder girl still kept on the alert. A nervousness born of loneliness had taken possession of her. If the door latch rattled, she raised herself, listening. If Simon rubbed himself against the warm outer stones of the fireplace, she sprang up, a startled sentinel, with wide eyes and clinched hands.

But an hour passed. The wind lulled. Simon lay down. She fell to thinking of the storekeeper. She felt surer than ever now that he did not covet the bend. Setting aside the fact that he had brought them good news, she was glad he had come. It gave them a neighbor. And, yes, she forgave him the smile that had provoked her resentment. After all, the name Dallas did sound Texas.

With morning and the rising of the sun she was up and doing the few chores about lean-to and shack. But when the surveyors arrived, making short work of their last few miles, she and Marylyn shut themselves in and escaped being seen. The engineers gone toward Clark's, Dallas again took up her watch.

Twice before night she was rewarded. The mail sergeant passed, bringing a batch of letters to a grateful post, and late in the afternoon an Indian runner came into sight from up the Missouri. Scorning to use the ferry, he dropped into the river where the coulee emptied and swam across.

The arrival of the scout Dallas associated instinctively with the expected return of the troopers and felt a relief that she would not have cared to confess to her father. The unusual bustle that marked the next three days at Brannon seemed to justify her belief. Below the barracks on the level bottom land men were busy erecting a strange structure. Tall cottonwoods were hauled from the river and set on end in the sandy ground. As time passed these came to form a tight, circular pen.

The night of the third day there was activity on the other bank of the Missouri. Unknown to shack and fort the squalid line of shanty saloons that stretched itself like a waiting serpent along a high bench opposite the new stockade sprang into sudden life. Two wagons filled with men and barrels crossed the bend and emptied themselves into the dilapidated buildings. And far into the early hours loud laughter, the click of chips and the clink of glasses disturbed the quiet of the night. At dawn an officer standing, field glass in hand, on the gallery at headquarters saw two wagons drawn up in front of Shanty Town and called down a curse upon the heads of the sleeping revelers.

"Just see there!" he exclaimed. "Some vermin got wind of the paymaster's coming and are here to fleece the men."

A lieutenant sauntered up, putting out his hand for the glasses. "There wasn't a soul in those huts yesterday," he said.

"No, of course not," sputtered the other. "The devils stayed at Clark's till the punchers got back from Kansas City. Now they're on hand to keep our guardhouse and hospital full. By gad, if I commanded here I'd have the whole street fired!"

"Well," said the lieutenant, "the men have a way of disciplining that kind themselves. Some day when a favorite is cut in a brawl or cheated at cards they'll shoot up the place. If there's anything left it 'll move on."

"It won't do any harm to keep an eye on Shanty Town, all the same," declared his companion fiercely. "Remember the man that ran it last year? Slick, by gad! Why, the paymaster might just as well have stopped over there—he and his ilk got every cent! He wasn't a 'bad' man, mind you—not brave enough for that—but keen nosed as a moose, conceited as an Indian"—

"What was his name?"

"Oh, Dick or Vic Something-or-other, I don't know what. He's a bragging renegade, anyway."

Unaware of a reconnoiter, the occupants of the line of shanties slumbered serenely on, and not until noon did high plumes of smoke, straight as the flag pole on the parade ground, announce to the secretly delighted troopers at Brannon their tardy rising.

Dallas, too, saw the busy chimneys, but while watching them intently from an open window, her attention was attracted all at once in the opposite direction. She heard coming out of the coulee a chorus of shrill talking, like the pow-wow of a flock of prairie chickens. Then a horse snorted and there was a low rumble of wheels. Thinking that it was her father, she leaned into sight. As she did so a team came scrambling over the scarlet brink, dragging a wagonful of men and women.

As the horses gained the level prairie their driver laid aside a huge blacksnake whip with which he had been soundly whacking them and looked about. The next moment Dallas saw him rein in his team and spring to his feet. He was looking toward the shack, and he raised his whip hand menacingly.

"Look at that! Look at that!" he cried wildly, his voice carrying through the clear air.

All looked where he pointed, and some one in the back of the wagon cursed.

"What d' you call that for luck?" yelled the man, shaking his mittened fist. "If Nick knew that!"

Dallas could not hear the mingled answers of his companion.

"Well, I call it d——d"—

A woman reached up and pulled him into his seat. There was another shrill chorus, the man whacked the horses till they reared, and the wagon went rumbling on.

Dallas watched it until it disappeared into the cut at the landing. Then she sank upon a bench. For a long time she sat, dumb and immovable, her eyes on the floor. When finally she got up she felt about her, as if overcome by blindness.

Marylyn had not seen or heard the threatening wagon driver. Seated comfortably on the robe by the fire, she strung beads and hummed contentedly.

Dallas started toward her, stopped, then moved slowly back to the window, where she took up her watch.

Late that night she sprang from fitful, troubled sleep to hear Simon lowing and moving about restlessly. A few moments afterward there came a mule's long bray from below the shack, followed by the voice of the section boss urging on the team. She found her long cloak and hastened out.

She could not wait for the wagon to stop before calling anxiously to her father. "Did you file?" she asked, walking beside Betty.

Lancaster did not answer, but scolded feebly, as if worn with his long trip. "W'y d' y' fret a man 'fore he c'n git down an' into th' house?" he demanded. "Ah'm plumb fruz t' death an' hungry."

She helped him over the wheel and through the door. Then she went back and in feverish haste stabled the mules. On entering the shack, now dimly lighted by a fire, she did not need to repeat her question. She read the answer in her father's face.

"No use," Lancaster told her, raising wet, tired eyes to hers. "Th' claim was gone 'fore ever we got here—filed on las' July." He lay down, muttering in a delirium of grief and physical weariness.

The fire, made only of dry grass, began to die, the room to darken. Dallas' face shadowed with it. She was thinking of the level quarter that was to have blossomed under her eager hands, that was to have brought comfort to Marylyn and her crippled father. And now the land was gone from them, had never been theirs. They were only squatters.

Any hour a nameless man—perhaps he who had gone by that day—might descend upon them and—

The bail of a bubbling pot slipped down the bar that held it, and the vessel clattered upon the hearth. She started as if a gun had exploded at her elbow.

CHAPTER III.

"YA-A-AS," drawled Lancaster reflectively, gnawing the while at a fresh slab of tobacco, "we jes' nat'ally mavericked this claim."

A fortnight had passed since his return from the land office. In that time his fear had slowly vanished, his confidence returned, and he had begun to show streaks of the bravado that in his stronger days made him an efficient section boss. Rosy dreams even beset his brain—dreams upon which Marylyn, despising her father's meaner structures, and kept in ignorance of what might at any moment raze them, piled many a rainbow palace. For to the young girl certain calico covered books on the mantel had invested the events of the fortnight just gone with a delightful tinge of romance.

Dallas, however, took a sensible view of their situation. She pointed out that the man who had made an entry for the land would in all probability return and that if he did not five years at least would pass before the railroad reached them. Meanwhile the quarter section should be properly filed upon for possession and farmed for a living. Now as she brushed the hearth clean with the wing of a duck she listened quietly to her father's confident boasting.

"It's this way, m' gal," he said—he compassed a goodly quid and shifted it dexterously into the sagging pocket of a cheek—"inside o' six months after a man files he's got t' dig a dugout er put up a shanty. He's got t' do a leetle farm work an' sleep on his claim. When thet six months is up ef he ain't done no buildin' er farmin' th' claim's abandoned, an' th' first man comin' along c'n hev it.

"In this case th' gent in question ain't built, dug er farmed. Ef he was t' show up an want this quarter he could get it by payin' fer our improvements. Ah reckon we'd hev t' sell an' pull our freight, but ef he was t' show up an' not pay like a' honest man, they'd—they'd—waal, they'd likely be a leetle disagreement."

Dallas shook her head. "If he comes before his six months is up and improves, we got to go. That would be the only square thing. Ain't it so?"

"Waal—waal"— stammered Lancaster lamely.

"It is," she said. "He filed on the quarter, and we had no right to settle"—

"We hev settled, an' th' lan' 's goin' t' be worth money," broke in her father.

She put up her hand. "We got to go if he comes, but"—she rose wearily—"if he didn't offer pay for our improvements how could we go or get through the winter or build again next spring? Our money's gone."

"Look a-here, Dallas," began her father crossly, "they ain't no use t' worry th' way you do. Winter is clost. It ain't likely th' man'll come along this late, an' ef he don' show up pretty soon he ain't got a chanst, 'cause when his six months is gone Ah'll make another trip t' Bismarck, contes' his entry, hev it canceled an' file. Then we's safe."

She silenced him, for Marylyn was entering, and quit the shack. Outside, before the warped door, she paused.

"He's always so sure of himself, but he can't do anything. And Marylyn—oh, I wish there was some one with us now—some one that 'd help us if anything went wrong."

Of a sudden, looking down at her hands, her eyes fell upon the crimson stripes left across her palms by the plow, and, in fancy, a horseman was riding swiftly toward her from the east again, while she leaned on the cross brace and waited.

"Twenty miles," she said thoughtfully—"twenty miles," and turned the marks under.

Sun baked, deep of rut and straight as the flight of a crow lay the road that led northeast from the swift, shoally ford of the Missouri to the cattle camp at Clark's. It began at the rough planking upon which the rickety ferryboat, wheezing like some asthmatic monster, discharged its load of soldiers or citizens and ran up through the deep cut in the steep, caving river bank. From there over the western end of the Lancaster quarter, across the coulee under a hub depth of muddy backwater—at the only point where the sumac grown sides sloped gradually—it took its level, unswerving way.

Twice only in its course did it touch the ravine curving along near by it—once, six miles from the ferry landing, where on the limbs of a cluster of giant cottonwoods that grew in the bottom of the gully a score of Indian dead were lashed, their tobacco pipes, jerked beef and guns under the blanket wrappings that hid them, and again at Murphy's Throat, four miles farther up, where the coulee narrowed until a man standing in its bed with arms outstretched could place the tips of his fingers against either rocky wall. Beyond the Throat the crack in the plains grew wider and shallower, veered out to the eastward and at last came to an abrupt end in a high meadow below the distant river bluffs.

For decades the road had been a buffalo trail, a foot wide and half as deep, that in the dry season guided the herds in single file from the caking meadow to the distant waters of the Missouri. Then the travee poles of Indian tribes gave it the semblance of a wagon track, the center of which was worn bare by the hoofs of laden ponies and the feet of trudging squaws, and finally the lumbering carts of traders, the Studebakers of settlers and those heavier wagons that roll in the rear of marching men made of the track a plain and hardened highway.

Down it that morning, approaching to the accompaniment of loud talking, the tramping of horses, the cracking of whips and the jingling of spurs, came a long procession. Yet so absorbed was Dallas in her plowing that not until the head of its column was close upon her and there was barely time to go to the bridles of the frightened mules did she see it.

A tanned, unkempt officer led the way, with baying foxhounds running about him. On either hand rode his staff and his scouts, Arickaree Indians in patched breeches and dusty blankets. And behind, full bearded, all military look gone from their boots, hats and uniforms, came the cavalry, riding two and two and flying torn and faded guidons.

Dallas had no chance to view the front of the command, for the mules claimed all her attention by hauling back on their bits. But now they quieted a little, and she was free to watch the dozen or so musicians who came next, mounted, with their brass instruments in hand. She saw that these men were nudging one another and directing at her glances which were bold and amused.

Something of her father's hatred of soldiers stirred her. She grew defiant, yet, only for a moment. The musicians trotted by, and now Indians were passing—men, women and children, whose stolid faces disclosed no hint of grief or hatred for their captivity. The braves, twenty in number, formed the head of the band and kept no order of march as they spurred forward their ragged, footsore ponies. Their Springfield rifles, knives and tomahawks had been taken from them, but they still carried their once gay lances and shields of buffalo hide covered with rude pictures of the chase and battle. But, though on other occasions these would have betokened the free warrior, they now only emphasized by contrast the blankets that trailed ingloriously from their wearers' shoulders to the ground and the drooping feathers of the conquered chiefs.

A war priest, whose string of bears' claws, triple feathers, charms and bag plainly betokened the medicine man, headed the tribe. He was seated upon a gaudily decorated saddle. The nose band, front and cheek pieces of his horse's bridle were thickly studded with brass nails. Bright pompoms of colored wool swung from the curb and the throatlatch, and the nag's tail was stiffly braided with strips of woolen, scarlet and yellow and blue. Close beside him rode two stately braves of high rank, their mounts as richly caparisoned, their buckskin shirts gorgeous with bead and porcupine quill embroidery, otter skin headdresses upon their hair. Like their leader, the dusky faces of the two Indians and of those forming the rest of the party were hideously painted, showing that all had but recently been upon the warpath.

The other half of the redskin company was more squalid. A score of spotted, sway backed ponies crept along, bearing and at the same time dragging heavy loads. Each saddle held a squaw and one or more small children, the squaw with a cocoon-like papoose strapped to her back, and at the tail of each horse, surrounded by limping Indian dogs, came a travee laden with a wounded or aged Indian or heaped with cooking utensils, blankets and buffalo skins.

One woman of all the squaws rode a pony that had not a double burden. She was dressed in buckskin and bright calico and sat upon a blanket that almost covered her horse. Her hair was braided neatly; her dark cheeks were daubed with carmine. She kept a rigid seat as she passed Dallas, and her black eyes answered the other's kindly look with one full of sullen pride. Beside her hobbled an aged hag across whose wrinkled mouth and chin was a deep and livid scar.

When the Indians were past more troopers followed. After them trundled a half dozen light fieldpieces, the wagon train and ambulances filled with sick or wounded soldiers, all under the conduct of a rear guard. Soon the entire cavalcade was gone and had halted on the river bank to wait the ferry. Dallas was alone again, listening to the faint strains of the band, which from the cut was gallantly announcing the return from the long campaign.

At the door of the shack Lancaster and his younger daughter were watching the portage piecemeal of the troops. But Dallas, starting the team again, saw father and sister suddenly turn from the landing to look and point toward the coulee. Glancing that way, too, she saw the object of their interest. Over the brink into sight was toiling a strange figure bent and almost hidden under an unwieldy load.

She moved aside in some trepidation to await the creature's advance. Upon its back as it tottered along was a score of pots and pans tied together and topped by a sack of buffalo chips that at each step rolled first to one hand and then to the other. Yet with all the difficulty of balancing the fuel sack and preventing its falling to the ground the straggler did not fail to keep in place a drab face covering.

The mules stood perfectly quiet until the figure was near; then they became uneasy for the second time and shied back upon the plow, tangling their harness.

The effect of this was startling. The sack of chips came tumbling off the pots and pans, spilling upon the roadway. The tin things followed, with a crash, and, with a grunt, the bent figure retreated a few steps and uncovered its face.

In very amazement Dallas let go the mules. The creature facing her was young and pitifully thin. About a face dripping with perspiration fell a mop of tangled hair. Under a tattered mourning blanket a bulging calico waist disclosed, through many rents, a lean and bony chest, and below the leather strap that belted both the somber blanket and the waist hung limply the shreds of a fringed buckskin petticoat. The straggler was an Indian—a male—yet, despite his sex, he wore not a brave's dress, but the filthy, degrading garb of a squaw!

He watched Dallas with cowed, questioning eyes, strangely soft and un-Indian in their expression. After a moment, seeing that he was ill as well as unarmed, she ceased to feel afraid of him.

"How," she said in greeting.

He made no reply, only continued to watch her steadily.

"How," she repeated and smiled.

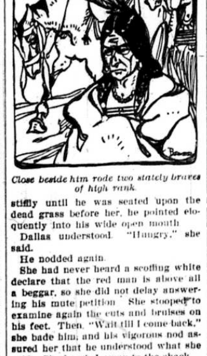
His eyes instantly brightened.

"You sick?" she asked, moving her head sorrowfully in pantomime.

For answer he shambled closer and held up first one naked foot and then the other, like a suffering hound. Dallas saw that they were sore from stone bruises and bleeding from cactus wounds.

"Oh, you're hurt!" she cried.

The Indian nodded and at once made her a dumb appeal. Lowering himself stiffly until he was seated upon the dead grass before her, he pointed eloquently into his wide open mouth.



Close beside him rode two stately braves of high rank.

Dallas understood. "Hungry," she said.

He nodded again.

She had never heard a scoffing white declare that the red man is above all a beggar, so she did not delay answering his mute petition. She stooped to examine again the cuts and bruises on his feet. Then, "Wait till I come back," she bade him, and his vigorous nod assured her that he understood what she said. She hurried away to the shack.

She tarried only long enough to tell her father of the straggler and to hear his objections at her "fussin'" with a "no 'count Injun." Returning, she found her charge patiently waiting for her. As she came up he was facing the ford, where, amid cursing, shouting and trumpet blares, some troopers were trying to induce the balky ambulance mules to go aboard the boat. But when she handed him a crockery ... heaped with boiled potatoes, cold meat and pancakes and a piece of suet wound in a soft white cloth he became indifferent to the lively doings at the landing and began to eat as if famished.

He made such rapid headway that before Dallas realized it the food was gone, the plate scraped clean and the suet direly threatened. He gave her a puzzled look as she put forth a hand objectingly.

"No, no," she said, and while she tore the soft cloth into strips she put the fat out of reach by slipping it into a skirt pocket.

The bandages ready, she knelt before him and tenderly swathed his wounds.

"There," she said as she finished, "now you'd better hurry. The soldiers are almost over, and you'll be too late to get across dry."

He scrambled up, but, ignoring her advice, put one hand through a rent in his squaw's waist and began to search for something. Presently he brought forth a package done up in dirty muslin and slowly unfastened it. A folded paper as soiled as its wrapper fell out. It was worn through much handling and covered with penciled words. He handed it to Dallas.

At first she could not decipher it, but after studying it carefully and placing together several detached bits she was able to make it out. It was written scrawlingly and in a trembling hand.

The bearer of this [it read], the good chief Red Moon, I commend to the gentleness and mercy of every God fearing man and woman. Once, out of the weakness of the flesh, he wept under the tortures of a sun dance. Since then he has been abused, starved and spat upon. Yet, hearing from me of Christ, his suffering and his command to forgive, he has put down his desire to revenge his wrongs in blood and goes on his way, laboring and enduring in silence. May God be gracious to whomsoever aids this least one among us.

Here the letter ended, but underneath were the signature, so fingered, however, that Dallas could spell out only the word "David," and a blurred postscript, which said:

I have christened him Charles and taught him English, but since his punishment he has never—

The remainder of the paper was illegible.

When Dallas gave it back to the Indian he wrapped it up carefully and returned it to his bosom; then he gathered up the scattered chips, lifted his double load to his shoulders, drew his somber blanket close about him and shambled slowly away.

"Poor thing!" said Dallas, in compassion.

He stopped to look back.

"Goodby," she said as he went on—"goodby."

When he reached the river bank he turned again. The frost blighted cottonwoods that bordered the Missouri were behind him, gleaming as yellowly as if during the short, hot summer their leafy branches had caught and imprisoned all the sunshine. Against that belt of brilliant color stood out his spare, burdened frame.

Watching, she saw his gaunt face slowly relax in a friendly grin.

CHAPTER IV.

SNOW fell on the very heels of the cavalry. Scarcely were the Indians safe in the stockade and the troopers once more in barracks when some first flakes, like down plucked by the wind from the breasts of the southward hastening wild fowl, came floating out of the sky. Soon the long sumac leaves on the coulee edge were drooping under a crystalline weight, the black plowed strip was blending with the unplowed prairie, and the shock head of the cottonwood shack was donning a spotless nightcap, and so heavy and ceaseless was the downfall that at supper time the sweet trumpet notes of "retreat" were wafted out from Brannon across a covered plain.

When morning dawned the heavens were cloudless, and the laggard sun as it rose shone with blinding glory upon peaceful miles. Nowhere was a sign of wallow, path or road, and the coulee yawned, white lipped. Even the Missouri was not unchanged, for away to the northwest there had been a mighty rainstorm, and the murky river tumbled by in waves that were angry and swollen.

Since his early boyhood the section boss had not known snow. Before the previous day Dallas and Marylyn had never seen it. It was with exclamations of delight, therefore, that, crowding together in the doorway, the three first caught sight of the glistening drifts.

"Pa, it's like a Christmas card!" cried the younger girl, and, bareheaded, she ran out to frolic before the shack.

To Dallas the scene had a deeper meaning. Here was what would discourage and block any one who had put off necessary improvements! And this would last long after the expiration of that six months! "I guess there'll be no building or plowing now," she said to her father happily.

He, fully as relieved, returned a confident assent.

A little later old Michael, the ferryman, drove by, breaking a track along the blotted road. His ancient corduroys, known to every river man from Bismarck to Baton Rouge, were hidden beneath layers of overcoats. Through the wool cap, pulled down to his collar, two wide holes gave him outlook; a third and smaller aperture was filled by the stem of a corncob pipe. He was headed for the cattle camp, the lines over a four-in-hand hitched to three empty wagons, a third team tied to the tailboard of the hindmost box.

On the arrival of the saloon gang the pilot had left his steamboat in the hands of his two helpers and made his way to Shanty Town. There in a shingle hut, perched atop a whisky cask and kicking its rotund belly complacently with his heels, he had wet a throat, long dry, from the amber depths beneath him.

With each succeeding glass his obligations had grown apace. Nevertheless, for a lifetime of rough service had brought about an immunity that belied his Celtic blood, his brain remained clear, his step steady and his eye unbleared. Thus it happened that when, cut off from grazing, it was necessary for the Shanty Town teams to be returned at once to Clark's old Michael was on hand and in condition to take them and by so doing wipe out his drinking account.

To be Continued.

Bore Deeper for Oil.

Improved methods of deep drilling below productive oil sands will disclose, in many areas, deposits of oil not hitherto available and which will be tantamount to the discovery of new fields, the Marland committee on conservation, appointed by the American Petroleum Institute, declared in its report.

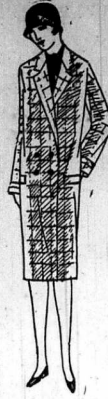
Improved methods of producing have been perfected, it added, which will make possible recovery of oil from these lower sands; the limit of deep drilling had not been reached.

Fashions are Checkered with Foot-prints of Change.

See the Spring Modes at C.D.S.L.

Introducing---

"Hurlingham" Coats For Women



Coats Cleverly Man-Tailored —Fashioned of Scotch and English Fabrics, Personally Selected by our English representative for Quality, Finish and Exclusive Design.

Style, fit, tailoring and wear-resisting qualities make "Hurlingham" coats ideal for motoring, golfing, travelling and street wear. The fabrics used have been specially treated to make them shower-proof. Every pattern is emblematic of refinement—every one chosen solely for women's modes.

In introducing "Hurlingham" coats to our customers we believe them the finest values obtainable in this type of tailored coat. See them in our Coat Department Wednesday.

ONE STLYE SKETCHED.
Single and double breasted models—misses' sizes 14 to 20, women's sizes 38 to 44.
$49.50



Spring Modes in Felt Hats at $3.95 Ea.

Attractive Assemblage of New Shades

Some women pay absolutely too much for their hats in the opinion of their husbands.

Then some women pay absolutely too little for their hats in the opinion of their friends.

In our opinion there is a dividing line.

If you purchase from our range of $3.95 hats you will not err either way.

For in this remarkable assemblage of hats you will find master styles, exclusively and individually expressed—you will find fabric combinations so authentic for the season—you will find proper head sizes—you will find value tempting and satisfying.

Choose from shades such as these.—Rosewood, Rose Beige, Misty Morn, Red, Sandstone, Grey, Jade, Navy and Black.

POPULAR LINES OF PLAIN WASH GOODS NOW IN STOCK

PLAIN COLORED BROADCLOTH, 38 IN. WIDE, AT 75 CENTS YARD.

PLAIN SHIMMERSILK, 38 INCHES WIDE, AT 75 CENTS YARD.

Rich new colorings are now being shown in these two special lines of wash fabrics. Extra good values are also important features.

"SHIMMERSILK" is an artificial silk and cotton fabric that possesses a very rich lustre and makes a splendid material for lingerie purposes. Shown in the following colors : White, Blue, Mars, Orchid, Rust, Shell Pink, Apricot.

"COTTON BROADCLOTH" requires no special introduction. Its place is very important in the range of cotton fabrics. This quality is in a fine firm weave that will give dependable service.

Shown in the following colors : Grey, Tan, Beige, Fawn, Rose Tint, Green, Castor, Sky.

NEW—THIS RICH SILK FINISHED BROADCLOTH, 38 IN. WIDE SPECIAL AT 59 CENTS YARD

The feather weight and silky finish of this new cloth, is out of the ordinary. You will find it a delightful material for fashioning summer dresses. Comes in the following colors : White, Natural, Burnt Orange, Rose, Dove, French Blue, Sky, Orchid, Peach, Rust.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS PLEASE PARTICULAR DRESSMAKERS

Whenever there are women interested in style, Butterick Patterns are invariably chosen. Butterick patterns are so smart, so easy to use, so sure, that they are famous and in high demand. You can choose them at C. D. S. L.

SPRING STOCKS IN MARTHA WASHINGTON HOUSE DRESSES HAVE ARRIVED

These Dresses need no introduction. For the average woman they simply "Fill the Bill."

"Fill the Bill' because they are cut on proper fitting lines and generously proportioned.

"Fill the Bill" because care has been taken in workmanship and finish. They have the appearance of being higher priced dresses.

"Fill the Bill" because they emphasize the very smartest and most authentic style and fabric tendencies for dresses of this type.

"Fill the Bill' because they come in a wide range of sizes properly designed to fit women of every figure type.

This new Spring assemblage, just a few days from the factory presents a unique line-up.

Featured are plain and figured patterns, light and dark colorings, long, medium and short sleeve lengths, various shaped neck-lines.

Priced $1.95, $2.39, $2.95 each.

Spring Shades are Rare Value in Rayon Lingerie

Bloomers, $1.29 a Pair; Vests, $1.00 Each.

Rayon lingerie is growing in popularity as fast as the famous beanstalk. Nowadays well groomed women are wearing "Rayon Undies" as commonly as they did cotton.

Large demands for "Rayon" has enabled manufacturers to reduce prices. Hence, our spring ranges offer many exceptional values.

Prices mentioned above on bloomers and vests represent the very zenith of Rayon Lingerie value. The fabric is of splendid construction of fine smooth texture. Garments have been cut on shape fitting lines, while workmanship and finish are exceptionally well done.

Choose your Spring and Summer requirements from this splendid and complete range of colorings : Orchid, Apricot, Nile, Blush, Honeydew, June Rose, Powder Blue, Madura.

SPRING STYLES IN EASTERN BRAND CAPS FOR DAD AND HIS LADS



These Caps will prove the crowning touch to your spring wardrobe.

Never have they attained such a high degree of attractiveness. You'll want at least a couple to meet all your demands. Match them up with suits and top-coats.

Caps are styled with sectional tops, richly satin lined throughout and finished with unbreakable peaks.

Priced from $1.50 to $2.25 each.
We invite inspection.

Select Your Easter Wearables Early

Canadian Department Stores Limited

See Spring's Gallery of New Fashions at C.D.S.L.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs. Henderson, Montreal, is the guest of Mrs. W. C. Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant, Toronto, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kayler, Morven, last week.

The Misses Hazel and Anna Pennell, Chicago, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Pennell, Dundas street.

Miss Vivian Exley, Chicago, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Exley.

Mrs. Cameron Wilson is visiting friends in Oshawa and Toronto.

Mr. Gerald Loynes, Saskatoon, spent last week with his father, Mr. Shore Loynes.

Messrs. T. B. Wallace and A. L. Dafoe attended the Waterworks Convention in London last week.

Mr. Harry Finkle, Providence, R.I., is visiting his mother, Mrs. M. Finkle, who is quite ill.

Mr. A. O. Sine, Belleville, was in Napanee for the week-end.

Miss Pearl Vanalstine spent the week-end in Toronto, visiting Miss Dorothy Sine.

Mrs. Alvin Perry and daughter, of Brighton, spent last week the guests of Mr and Mrs. J. Stalker.

Mrs. G. D. Repp, New York, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Taylor.

Rev. Dr. Smith, former missionary at Honan, China, spent last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson.

Mrs. Gibson, Montreal, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Martha Finkle.

Mrs. C. L. Gordon and daughters, Kathleen and Patricia, of Kingston, spent the week-end with her mother, Mrs. J. H. McLaughlin, and brother, Dr. McLaughlin. Mr. Gordon and the other members of the family motored to Napanee on Sunday and were also guests at the home of Dr. McLaughlin.

BIRTHS

d'Esterre—At Toronto General Hospital, on Friday, March 9th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan d'Esterre (nee Lois Derry) a daughter.

Jordan — At Richmond, on Thursday, March 1st, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jordan, a son—Joseph.

MARRIAGES

Ruttan—Kellar—At the Bay Parsonage, Napanee, on Saturday, March 10th, 1928, by Rev. R. J. Merriam, Dorothy Elizabeth Kellar, of Newburgh, to Albert Edward Ruttan, of Napanee.

DEATHS

Cook—At Richmond, on Thursday, March 8th, 1928, Lulu Iva Jean Cook, aged 6 months, 5 days.

Curran—At Ernestown, on Sunday, March 11th, 1928, James S. Curran, aged 68 years.

Jordan—At Richmon, on Saturday, March 3rd, 1928, Joseph, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jordan.

Walker—At Napanee, on Saturday, March 10th, 1928, Margaret Walker, aged 74 years, 11 months.

Mr. Munroe Beattie, who was recently chosen to represent the Napanee Collegiate Institute in the Oratorical Contest, will speak in the auditorium of the Kingston Collegiate on Friday, March 16th, against speakers from Kingston, Trenton, Belleville and Deseronto.

Mr. Will Vandusen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Vandusen, South Napanee, met with what might have been a serious accident on Saturday, when he was knocked off his bicycle by a local truck, the wheels passing over the legs of the young man. Although slightly bruised he appeared none the worse for the accident.

Mr. Floyd C. Horton, of New York, brother of Dr. Horton, Enterprise, is very low in a hospital in New York, following an operation, and is about to undergo an unusual and exceedingly critical operation by an eminent specialist in a last effort to save his life. Dr Horton has gone down to be present at the operation upon his brother. The relatives and many friends of the young man are filled with extreme concern and anxiety for his recovery.

Nearly thirty girl friends of Miss Helen Hull, who is shortly to be married, gathered at the home of Miss Frances Mills, Graham street, on Wednesday evening, and presented her with a variety shower of beautiful and useful gifts, showing the esteem in which she is held in Napanee. After expressing her deep appreciation for the lovely gifts, a social evening was held, consiting of musical contests, games and music.

A BIG INCREASE.

Over sixty per cent. of the 668,383 Bell telephones in service in Ontario and Quebec at the end of 1927 were in service in homes, says the annual report of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada.

To provide the net gain of 38,222 telephones during 1927, the company installed 130,307 instruments and removed 92,085. These figures give some idea of the problem involved in keeping telephone users supplied with service in spite of many changes in location.

And Napanee Fuel and Supply Co. for quality screened D. L. & W. Coal. 'Phone 92—"A black business handled white."

STELLA.

J. A. Tugwell and J. A. McMullen are supplying quite a number of town and county residents with wood which they have purchased on the main land.

Mrs. C. E. Gibson and little daughter, were called to Montreal on Friday last, the former's sister, Mrs. G. C. Sargent, having undergone an operation for appendicitis in the Royal Victoria Hospital. At last reports she was doing as well as could be expected.

Mrs. T. A. Glenn received a message from Kingston on Tuesday last, stating that her mother, Mrs. Joseph McFern, had fallen and received a compound fracture of the right thigh. She was taken to the Hotel Dieu Hospital. Mr. and Mrs. McFern had spent the winter in Three Rivers, Que., and were visiting in the city on their way home to the Island. Her many friends here hope for a speedy recovery.

The Rev. J. Y. Laughland, pastor of St. Paul's, has invented and has patented this winter an attachment for motor cars to make it possible to go through deep snowdrifts. The device is made entirely of auminum and the many parts are connected with small springs. It is attached to the spokes of each rear wheel. Motor drivers who have seen it demonstrated believe that it will be a success.

Ernest Wemp, Emerald, is moving with his family to Gananoque. John Smith, Lake View, is taking possession of the farm which is being vacated by the former.

Captain and Mrs. Jos. Saunders have returned home after spending two months down south.

Mrs. C. A .McMullen is visiting her parents at Norwood.

It is said that the Government has accepted the tender of Randall Richards for he delivery of His Majesty's mails over Route 3, beginning April 1, for a four-year period.

Miss C. Hartwick, Kingston, is renewing acquaintances here.

Miss Dorthy Miller has accepted a position with the T. Eaton Co., Limited, Kingston.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

MILK.

It is an accepted fact that milk is the most valuable article of diet we possess. Because there is no other article of diet that can take its place, it may be called, without any exaggeraion, an essential food.

Milk is a food. Milk is a complete food. Milk contains all the substances needed for building up bone and muscle in growing children, and replacing the worn-out tissues in adults.

It is wrong to think of milk as a sort of accessory to be used in tea or coffee, or on foods, or merely as a beverage for children. Milk is an economical, complete food. Milk and milk products should be part of the diet of everyone, young and old, but particularly of growing children. Every child needs at least one pint of milk a day in order that he may accumulate sufficient of the materials for building up a strong, healthy body. No other food can be given the child which will supply, in such quantity or quality these necessary building materials.

There is no difference of opinion, amongst those who have studied the question of diet, on the subject that milk products are most valuable foods and should be used by everybody. If children are to grow into adult life with strong, healthy bodies, they must drink milk during their years of growth.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

WASHES, CARRIES COAL, WOMAN GAINS 18 POUNDS

"I wash, iron and carry coal and don't get tired since taking Vinol. Also, I have gained 18 pounds."—Mrs. S. Cortese.

Vinol is a delicious compound of cod liver peptone, iron, etc. Nervous, easily tired, anemic people are surprised how Vinol gives new pep, sound sleep and a BIG appetite. The very FIRST bottle often adds several pounds weight to thin children or adults. Tastes delicious. Wallace's Drug Store.

Wall Finishes.

Muresco for your walls and ceilings, also Alabastine, a satisfactory cold water finish.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

March and St. Patrick ! The good old saint ! that everyone, whether they have their roots in the soil of the Green Isle or not, delights to honor. You may know the song that begins, "St. Patrick was a gentleman and came of decent people." He certainly came of good stock for his father was a deacon of the ancient British church, and his grandfather was a prebyter or priest on the west shore of Britain or on one of the islands, and Patrick was stolen from his home and taken to Ireland, where he was a slave until either escaping or again stolen, he went to France with the men who came to buy wolf hounds from the Irish. This was in the latter part of the fourth century and after Patrick had been taught and ordained to the priesthood, he was sent back to Ireland, it is said at his own request, to teach the people who had got away from the first christianity taught them and were denying the belief in the Trinity. So St. Patrick took the little Shamrock from the grass and showed the men and women who gathered about him that as the three leaves are really but one, but each needed to make the whole leaf, so the three persons in the Trinity, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit are united in the God of the Christians. That the good saint drove the snakes from Ireland and did many other wonders, is the story that has been handed down to us ; we can believe it or not as we like.

And what about the St. Patrick's Day party, for we cannot, especially if we are Irish, let the "17th of Ireland" pass without a party. You can get the prettiest favors in the shops, "Molly Darling" sunbonnets and aprons for the girls and Irish hats or green paper caps for the boys. All sorts of pretty dishes can be made with green jelly and shamrocks made of cream colored sugar. We remember seeing a beautifully made harp in the centre of the green tulle on the tea table at a St. Patrick's tea. It was covered with green paper and had silver strings and was flanked by two tall green candles.

Speaking of Shamrocks, they are seldom seen in Canada and the best the people who cannot get them can do, is to use the sorel, that has a pink flower and a large clover-like leaf. I is pretty, but it is not shamrock. Some man or woman who reads this will remember the real shamrock with its dainty tiny leaves and its yellow flower. The yellow hop clover that grows in Canada in summer is not unlike a shamrock, but not nearly so dainty. Do you remember that when the Irish troops distinguished themselves so gallantly in the South African war that Queen Victoria ordered that all the troops of her armies should wear the shamrock on their helmets on the 17th of March, and bushes of "The Green" was shipped all over the world for the British soldiers?

There is a reasonable hope that women with long hair will be able very shortly to buy a hat that will fit their heads. In Toronto recently the new styles of hair dressing have been shown and the rumour that long hair is worn, has been confirmed. That doesn't mean that the day of the bob is gone. Not by any means. But in every set of pictures showing the triumph of the hairdressers skill, were several ways of arranging long hair and hair growing longer. It is worn low, almost in curls on the neck, and the day of the shingle and the boyish bob is over. Some of the styles of wearing both long and short hair were charming. There is a feminine touch about them that is most alluring.

The Canadian Agriculturists who are touring Europe to bring back useful ideas to the people of this country, had, some of them, the honor of being presented to Their Majesties and from Miss Gora Hind, the editor of a Winnipeg paper, the Queen inquired, "Did you see my son when he was out there ?" Do you notice that Her Majesty did not say "The Prince ?" Perhaps some of the people who speak of the members of their family as "Mrs., Mr. and Miss so and so" will realize what dreadfully bad form it is. That is, of course, unless you are giving orders to a servant or speaking from a purely business standpoint. But even then you can say as the Queen said "My son."

"Buy in Canada" should be the slogan of every household, especially of the mother, for she spends most of the family money. Try for a month and see if you can't get along with food that came from our farms, from our lakes and our factories. Just now a good deal of fish is being used We have splendid fish. And cheese. Canadian cheese is known all over the world. Use it at home. Apples too, the most health giving of fruits. How proud we should be of our apples. We want to export them. Yes, but we want them on our tables. And our own vegetables. Just as good, if properly kept, as we can get from the south. Lettuce is grown here now and the green cabbage makes good salads and is delicious cooked well, creamed if you will.

This week we heard of a girl who is making a pretty patchwork quilt for her "hope chest". It is of dainty colors that will wash and she got the pattern in a shop in her nearest town. It was an old one designed long ago. She says that the next quilt she makes will be from a pattern in a book, she got from her library in which some of the old designs used a century ago are shown.

"Fitter Families for Future Firesides," is the sogan of the Kansas State Free Fair building for eugenics. It has been going on now for eight years and is an old one considering by the W. I. We have had "Better Babies," etc., and now the idea is to have the whole family examined and prizes given for the cleanest health sheet.

Shamrock potato salad is made this way : 4 cups of boiled potatoes, two cups of cold cooked carrots, cut lengthwise, one cup of celery diced, one Bermuda onion chopped fine. Toss lightly together and add two teaspoonsful of chopped gherkins and parsley. Dress with mayonaise. Let stand one hour. Arrange on lettuce. Press youlks of 2 hard boiled eggs through a seive and add green jello cut into shamrock leaves.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.
*The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory, Price $1 per box, for $1 Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. A New pamphlet mailed free. THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.**

23-1-y

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.

Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Oaten's.